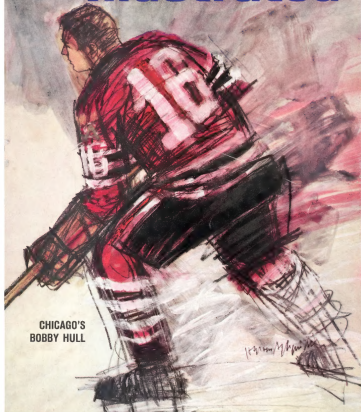


Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 14, 1960

25 CENTS



CHICAGO'S
BOBBY HULL



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Next week

It's the start of a new season, and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents the very best in ski life and ski living: first, the fanciful new snow fashions, pictured in color at Fortillo, Chile; next, the new story of Toni Sailer, once an Olympic idol, now a matinee idol; and the story of that grueling phenomenon, the live-roast ski chalet, along with an original design showing a compact, comfortable mountain house for the skiing family.



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AREPEGE

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

MEMO from the publisher

IN SPORT today there are no better or more inspired dressers than those who wear skis for a foundation garment. Skiers change their mode of dress more from one season to the next than participants in perhaps any other sport—a stimulating state of affairs to manufacturers and designers of ski wear and to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** as well. For one of our happy tasks is previewing the styles that will distinguish the season that starts any snowfall now.

An annual task, it is also almost a year-long project. One ski season is not over before the editors of the **SPORTING LOOK**, Fred R. Smith and Jo Ahern Zill, are in touch with such firms as White Stag in Portland, Sportmaster in Seattle and many others in the East and abroad, to make **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s plans for the following winter as manufacturers make theirs.

Taking an early look at designers' drawing boards, they judge what styles later on will move from the two dimensions of paper to the three dimensions of snowy slopes. Their next problem is to find the snowy slopes.

"We believe strongly," says Smith, "in photographing our clothes on men and women who will wear them, in authentic settings where it makes sense to have them worn."

"Last year, you may recall, that setting was Squaw Valley. In our November 23 issue **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** forecast the cable-quilted, rusty-browns and pine-green garb which two



FRED SMITH IN "SPRING TRAINING" FOR WINTER'S SPORTING LOOK

months later did indeed set the fashion pattern at the site of the Olympic Games."

What will set the pattern this season **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** forecasts next week, in a setting far from Squaw Valley but no less authentic. It is Portillo in the Chilean Andes, where it was winter last summer when Fred Smith and his **SPORTING LOOK** crew arrived. To mix the seasons up entirely, Portillo is what can fairly be called the spring training camp for U.S. and European designers, manufacturers and skiers. There they test the clothes, equipment and techniques which half a year later bring color, action and style to some of sports' best-dressed people. As snow comes to the Northern Hemisphere you'll be seeing them at lodges and on trails from Sugarbush to Sugar Bowl and the Adirondacks to the Rockies.

Arthur H. Jones

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AND HE'LL SAY

SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

THE INSIDE TRACK

Baseball's interleague trading session begins November 20, runs through December 15. American League expansion (to 10 teams) will scramble the pieces even more than usual, but look for these names—and situations—to make trading headlines:

- Dodgers (loaded with promising youngsters) will sell or trade Gil Hodges and Duke Snider while they still have market value.

- Giants will trade discontented Johnny Antonelli, most probably to Yanks or Reds, try to land an above-average catcher (like Yanks' Elston Howard or John Blanchard) and steady shortstop (like Reds' Roy McMillan).

- Orioles need strong young outfielder who can hit with power, will send Pitchers Jack Fisher and Hal Brown to the National League in exchange for one.

- Tigers' new regime will shake up *enigmas* also-rans, try to peddle Pitcher Paul Foytack, Outfielder Charley Maxwell, maybe Second Baseman Frank Bolling.

- Angry Braves will put Wes Covington, Johnny Logan, Joey Jay and Carl Willey on block, try to corner a first-rate second baseman. Best bet is a deal with Cleveland, which needs pitching badly and would like to send Johnny Temple back to the National League.

- White Sox, along with Braves, will be most active in trading name players. Sox will part with anyone but Luis Aparicio and Nellie Fox, and Bill Voock may ship away two power hitters he got just last year, Roy Sievers and Gene Freese.

- Red Sox will offer Batting Champ Pete Ranzele for an NL shortstop, will even relinquish "untouchable" Frank Malzone for a price. His replacement: Rookie phenom Carl Yastrzemski.

- Phillies have no choice but to trade Gene Conley, who says he will not play for them any longer. For him and fading hero Robin Roberts, the Phils hope to get a couple of estab-

lished major leaguers to steady a lineup of developing youngsters.

- One trade that won't happen: Kansas City's Bud Duley to the Yanks. In past years this would have been a natural—All-Star Duley for a bundle of mediocre Yanks. But new KC owners will be working hard to erase the two clubs' chummy reputation.

JUICY

Guard Don Manoukian of the Oakland Raiders was asked by a waiter how rare he wanted his steak. Said Manoukian: "Just knock the breath out of it."

SAT "AHHH"

When Forest Ranger Ed Moorehouse found a young moose leaning dispiritedly against a tree, he diagnosed the trouble right away: advanced dental decay. Moorehouse pried open the moose's jaws to confirm his diagnosis. Then he gently led the animal to his truck. In his Upper Blackville, New Brunswick backyard, Moorehouse yanked out seven rotten teeth with his fingers. He first put his patient on a whole milk liquid diet, later added oak and dead cherry leaves.

The moose, a female, quickly regained her health and composure. She clowned around for visitors, showing her bare gums. When a sick moose regains his health, does he long for the freedom of the wild woods? Moorehouse fears not. The last toothachy moose he befriended refused to be pushed out, became a showgirl, so to speak, in a New Brunswick government wildlife exhibit.

TARANZ IN VEGAS

The tall man went out for an early-morning dip in the swimming pool of a Las Vegas hotel. A caretaker waved him back and said, "You can't swim without a lifeguard on duty."

"Don't you know who I am?" said the tall one.

"No," said the guard. "Who are you?"

continued

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SCORECARD continued

"I'm the new lifeguard," said Johnny Weismuller and he plunged into the water.

THE MOSTEST

Not many people know it, but the brewers of Guinness stout also brew books. The fourth edition of *The Guinness Book of Records*, a Matterhorn of minutiae, is now on sale. Started as a promotion for Guinness and as a means of settling barroom arguments, the book has sold 500,000 copies to people who want to identify the "largest, oldest, smallest, richest, heaviest, fastest, deepest, tallest, longest, loudest, highest, slowest, mostest" of anything, e.g.:

- The smallest full-grown fish ever caught was a *Sekidieria procuremarius* in Samoa. It weighed 1/14,000 of an ounce.

- The shortest prison fight ever recorded took 19½ seconds (including a full count of 10), when Al Costello struck Ralph Watson "while the latter was adjusting a gun shield in his corner."

- The lowest golf course in the world is the Sodem and Gomersah Golfing Society at Kallia on the Dead Sea, 1,250 feet below sea level.

- A snail's pace is .004861 mph, to .00125 mph.

- A flea in California jumped 13 inches in 1919. High jump record is 7 inches.

- The most brainless animal in history was the Stegosaurus. It weighed six tons, but its brain was only 2½ ounces and "it was probably only dimly aware it was alive."

A fellow who cannot make money with this book does not know how to handle himself in a bar.

THE 3:20 RULER OF 1970

Perry Cerutti, the highly vocal and highly talented Australian track coach, thinks that someone someday will run the mile in 3:20. Furthermore, says Cerutti, he may have the someone in hand. Cerutti's choice: 9-year-old Ivor Caudle of Adelaide, Australia.

Cerutti ran into the Caudle family on shipboard in 1958, when Ivor was a lean and compact child of 7. Cerutti invited the Caudles, father and son, to join him in trotting around the boat deck each dawn.

continued

SAVE 25% THROUGH MARCH 14 MATSON ROUND-TRIP SAILINGS TO HAWAII

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At the same time the 1961 Thunderbird features such remarkable advances as the optional new Swing-Away Steering Wheel. Door openings are higher . . . and wider. The windshield projection has been removed. You move in and out with a wonderful new freedom.

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**JOSE
CUERVO
TEQUILA**

SCORECARD continued

Watching the loose-jointed Ivor loping alongside, Cerutti was impressed by the boy's steady, even strides, his instinctive control of breathing and his calm temperament. He suggested that Papa Caudle, as orange grower, bring the boy to the Cerutti miller factory at Portsea. This was all the suggestion the Caudles needed, and since then they have shown up at every available opportunity. Says the Senior Caudle: "Percé can inspire young chaps. It is something more than technique. He moves them inside." Says young Ivor: "He's always laughing and joking and playing games. Sometimes it seemed funny running in a race against an old man with white hair. But really he doesn't seem old at all. He's a beast."

At Portsea the brown-haired, Irish Ivor enjoys an idyllic existence. Cerutti limits him to two hours a day of dune running and light weight lifting. The rest of the time Ivor goes fishing with Herb Elliott or just hangs around, listening. At night he sleeps in John Landy's old bunk. Meals are typical Cerutti: raw oatmeal, dried fruit and walnuts for breakfast; salads for lunch; vegetable stew with a little meat and cooked barley or fish or chicken for dinner.

The elder Caudle, who once ran a 4:20 mile, is so taken with the Cerutti interest in Ivor that he has contemplated moving the family to Portsea from Adelaide. But Cerutti counseled against the move. "I told him to wait until the boy does something," the coach said. So far the best "something" Ivor has done is a 6:03 mile, which probably is a world record for 10-and-under.

THE BRAVE BULL

There was a bullfight in Providence the other day. The combatants were a bull buffalo named Pal, who resides in an enclosure in a city park, and a fierce matador named Manuel (Manolito) Viera, who overcomes the buffaloes in the park.

At 4 a.m. Pal got out of his cage, and Viera went after him. Aided by a troupe of pones, Viera got a rope on the bull, but el toro would not be held down by anything so fragile. At that point the true corrida began. Manolito decided to tire the bull with a series of passes. He began with a *sevillita*, followed with a couple of

estocadas and finished off with a *pose de pecho*. The bull goosed him in the leg.

A substitute torero named Dr. Seymour Hoffman was brought in for *la hora de la verdad*. Declining to go in over the horns for the grand *estocada*, Dr. Hoffman approached the problem from another angle. He jabbed Pal in the buttocks with a tranquillizer. Pal climbed happily into a cattle truck, his tail and both ears intact. OM?

MUSICAL HOUSER

Seasonal housing is a problem with professional athletes. They may live in Schenectady and play for Fort Worth. The same is true of coaches. Three pro basketball coaches have handled it this way. Paul Seymour, who lives in Syracuse and coaches in St. Louis, has rented a house occupied during the baseball season by Cardinal Pitcher Larry Jackson. He has rented his Syracuse home to Syracuse Basketball Coach Alex Hannum. Hannum, who lives in Los Angeles in the off season, has rented his home to Fred Schaus, new coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, who moved from Morgantown, West Virginia. Now if Jackson could be persuaded to move to Morgantown. . .

THE SAGA OF SOCKEYE SAM

The single-mindedness of some of nature's creatures has always amazed man—the lemmings and their suicidal drive to the sea, the eels' annual return to the Sargasso, the swallows' comeback to Capistrano. At the American Fisheries Society meeting in Denver recently, naturalists heard another such saga. Scientists at the Beesville Dam fisheries laboratory on the Columbia River had decided to find out how seriously the salmon takes his yearly task of swimming upstream to spawn. A system of connected pools, each a foot higher than the other, was set up, and a salmon was introduced. Affectionately known as Sam, the sockeye kept climbing to the top of the system, only to be sloshed down to the bottom by the lethyologists. At the rate of 50 jumps an hour, Sam went through 6,648 pools, gained a total elevation of a mile and a quarter. By this time, Sam hadn't even worked up a salmon's version of a sweat, but the naturalists had. They opened the last gate and let Sam swim upstream.

FACES IN THE CROWD



HAROLD FINELEY of Kenton City, Mo., finished today's two-round 72-hole match in final round but will finish 10 strokes behind winner, Dick Van of the Midwest branch of Squirt. Finishing on eighth place, event held at seven Midwestern courses.



MRS. MARY WEISS,
—young girl, teacher
at Ellsworth Hall
grammar school, near
Haven Hotel, has
now coach of the foot-
ball team, changed
from T. J. Nave. She
has been studying and
for better blocking angles,
"and team is im-
proved win in four games."



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of street, posted 72
yards of lining, place-
kicked game-winning
field goals of 29, 30,
and 41 — a game
between Trough and
Cassidown.



GEORGE CRAFT, 29, North Conway, N.H. driver, worked up a good cut, and began stream 12 feet 4 inches into river and in six his seventh National Tobacco Rolling 500 at Bahig, N.H. Said he of his skill: "You can't smoke it. You get it or you can't."



JEAN WHILDEN, 1st-pound senior left half back for Benedictine II-C Hagerston, Md., cut down eight times against Parkland High, and scored touchdowns on runs of 14, 22, 28, 29, 12, 69 and 71 yards, now undefeated in 148 points in four games.



TON DORRINE, 67, of Pinecrest, N.C., whose accident-torn left arm "grip" is 120 lbs. (100 lbs. net), defeated J. Walter Brown of Sea Girt, N.J., to become first prize winner in nine-year history of Super and South Seagrass Golf Championships at Pinehurst.



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资料来源：根据《中国统计年鉴》整理。

EDITORIALS

DON'T GAMBLE PLAYERS' LIVES

Like many Americans, athletes are flying a lot nowadays. The airplane has made possible tight schedules in football, basketball, hockey, baseball and some other sports. It has made the intercollegiate game a commonplace. Parents of college athletes have become accustomed to their sons' aerial expeditions. They have taken it for granted that school authorities employ reliable pilots and that equipment is first-class.

No more. The cruelly unnecessary crash that killed 16 members of the California Poly football team in Ohio a fortnight ago has started a lot of parents asking questions. If someone had asked some of these questions of Cal Poly and Arctic-Pacific Airline officials before the Ohio junket—and had gotten honest answers—there would have been no trip and no tragedy. For example:

Q. Does the line have a good safety record?

A. Before the crash Arctic-Pacific Airlines was fined \$16,000 by the Federal Aviation Agency for violations by the pilot of the fatal plane. Two days after the Toledo accident the line's operating certificate was suspended by the FAA for gross disregard of public safety and FAA regulations.

Q. What about its equipment?

A. For this flight Arctic-Pacific provided a two-engine C-46—a World War II plane originally notorious for its "bugs." Manufacture of the C-46 ceased in 1960, and the FAA says the bugs have been "modernized" out. Last year California Poly chartered an identical aircraft from Arctic-Pacific to fly the football team to Montana State. One of that plane's two engines conked out, but luckily the craft did not crash.

Q. What about the pilot?

A. Last July 15 the Federal Aviation Agency revoked the air transport rating of Donald L. J. Chesher for violations of the civil air regulations. Chesher appealed and, pending decision on the

appeal, was allowed to resume flying. His decision to take off on the night of October 29 even though there was a fog so dense that no other pilot dared fly would seem to support the FAA judgment of Chesher.

Everyone knows that air travel, like all other travel, has its hazards. There are easy, though often expensive, ways to minimize them. One of the easiest is to fly on scheduled airlines with modern, carefully maintained equipment. Another is to investigate thoroughly the safety record and reliability of a charter firm before engaging it. In the modern air there is room only for first-class airplanes run by first-class people. There is no room at all, in the air or on the ground, for the kind of college official who is willing to gamble with his players' lives.

OPEN TENNIS OPENLY ARRIVED AT

In recent years unilateral action has become unfashionable, to say the least, in international political circles. But one case of unilateralism meets with our qualified approval. It is Jack Kramer's worldwide campaign to make tennis open—with or without the consent of the ancient Push-Balls of big-time amateurism. The Push-Balls had a chance last summer to negotiate an honorable peace with the advocates of open tennis. They haughtily refused.

So now Kramer is ruthlessly and systematically buying up all of the good amateurs. Once the Davis Cup competition is over, Kramer probably will get the last holdouts. Amateur tennis, thus decapitated, has no discernible prospect of survival, but only the chance of resurrection—in mixed, realistic company. Those clinging to amateurism, even at the cost of mediocre tennis, must learn to coexist with legitimate professionalism. The Davis Cup, Forest Hills, the Wimbledon championships should be open to pro and amateurs, just like the biggest tournaments in golf.

We do not intend here to crown pragmatic Jack Kramer as the idealist of tennis. But we do thank him for taking a big step forward against the forces of hypocrisy and narrow self-interest.



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TIME WORKS WONDERS FOR
SEAGRAM'S EXTRA-DRY GIN





**Sports
Illustrated**
NOVEMBER 14, 1980

A BIG WIN FOR BIG M

Not since the days of Bernie Bierman had Minneapolis cheered so lustily. Led by Fullback Roger Hagberg, here setting off on a 42-yard run for the game's decisive touchdown, Minnesota last Saturday took all the speed Iowa had to offer and simply crushed the Hawkeyes. The Gophers were again the nation's number one team, and the happiest man of all, after bitter years of waiting, was Coach Murray Warmath. For the story of Minnesota's—and Warmath's—triumph, turn the page.



FEVER IN MINNEAPOLIS

by ROY TERRELL

APPARENTLY there is such a disease as football fever. It may lie dormant for years, hidden away in yellowing scrapbooks or deep inside the victim's chest. Unlike most epidemics, it does not feed upon the devastated; it waits, instead, until everything is coming up roses and then it strikes. Last week it hit the state of Minnesota, incapacitating Minneapolis and leaving even St. Paul on the verge of a terrific sneeze.

The Twin Cities on the banks of the Mississippi will have a new big league baseball team next year, and they'll have a team in the National Football League, too. Minneapolis and St. Paul are very enthusiastic about this because they love baseball and they love pro football, but last weekend the transplanted Senators and the football Vikings could have raced down Nicollet Avenue astride giraffes, with Nixon and Kennedy waiting at the finish line to kiss the winner, and no one in Minneapolis would have bothered to look around. The University of Minnesota was playing the University of Iowa. Nothing was ever so important as this.

It was more than a football game, more even than a contest for the Big Ten lead. Iowa was undefeated in six games; so was Minnesota. Iowa was ranked first in the nation in both wire-service polls; Minnesota was ranked second in one, third in the other. Forest Evashevski, the moody magician of Iowa football, was preparing to retire from coaching and he wanted to walk out a winner: Murray Warmath, who had suffered through some of the most miserable seasons in Minnesota history, had been hounded and harried by old Gophers long enough, and he was determined

to keep his job. Iowa was fast and deceptive and brilliant; Minnesota was strong and steady and sure.

The 63,285 seats at Memorial Stadium had been sold out for weeks, enabling industrious individuals with little moral character but maximum foresight to collect \$100 for a pair of tickets within the 20-yard line. Eventually the attendance reached 65,619, a stadium record. Not a hotel or motel room was available within 20 miles. More than 90 radio stations in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Iowa were poised to broadcast the game to those who couldn't get in, and an educational outlet in the Twin Cities was commandeered to produce the classic on TV. "We don't give a damn for the whole State of Iowa!" roared inharmoniously out of every bar. And coeds, who had not spoken to football players for years, now kissed them openly, and wept.

There are places where it is possible to win six football games in a row without the populace going berserk, but Minneapolis on Saturday was not one of them. In the '30s the Golden Gophers of Berne Biernan were the scourge of the Big Ten and the nation. They won six conference championships in the years 1934-1941 and four times were named the best college football team in all the land. But with the beginning of World War II the fortunes of Minnesota faded, and after seven years Murray Warmath has just begun to restore some of the glory. "It takes a long time," he says, "to get a sick horse up."

Warmath, a big man with a tough, homely face and a deep growl for a voice, played football under General Bob Neyland at Tennessee; later he coached at Tennessee under Neyland and at Army under Red Blaik, and he is not accustomed to losing. But he has had to get used to it at Minnesota. He has had good seasons there as well as bad, but the good ones were

never quite good enough and the bad ones had a way of turning into nightmares. The 1955 team was knocked out of the Rose Bowl, by Iowa, 7-6. The 1957 team, a perennial Big Ten favorite, was a tragic disappointment. The 1968 team won only one game. And the 1969 team, with superb but inexperienced young players, lost five Big Ten games by a total of 32 points, then lost to Iowa 33-6, and fell into the conference cellar. The team over which Warmath most frequently woke up screaming was Iowa. Warmath beat Evashevski in 1954, then lost to him five straight times.

Yet Minnesota holds a wide edge in the series with 14 victories, 18 losses and one tie. There was a time—after the famed Minnesota fullback, Sheldon Heise, tackled the famed Iowa halfback, Ozzie Simmons, with injurious results in 1934—when every Iowan was convinced that the only purpose of the game, as far as Minnesota was concerned, was to see how many Iowans could be maimed. It became unsafe, therefore, to appear in Iowa City or Cedar Rapids with Minnesota license plates on your car. But then the governors of the two states let a prize Hampshire hog on the outcome of the 1935 game, and apparently there was just enough of the absurd about playing for a pig to cool everyone off. Today Floyd of Rosedale, a bronze replica of that original old bear, is the annual trophy that goes to the winner, and although Minnesota and Iowa sometimes continue to play rough in attempting to claim him, at least the contest is recognizable as football.

Warmath would rather beat Iowa and Evashevski than anyone else, and he particularly needed to beat them on Saturday. Naturally, as a coach, he has suffered by comparison with the man who brought Iowa from the ranks of the have-nots to the peak of

continued

SMILING IN VICTORY. Minnesota's Warmath is carried triumphantly out of Memorial Stadium after Iowa game. A year ago Warmath was haaged in office.

football success with his brilliant tactics, unpredictable strategy and remarkable recruiting ability. Warmath does not consider Evashewski one of his closest friends and he only mutters something about "genius" when the name comes up. But aside from a deep personal desire to triumph over the Iowa man, Warmath needed to win to insure his job.

The University of Minnesota is a huge school, with 36,600 students, and it has been in business since 1851. Warmath is constantly amazed by the number of alumni who seem to be occupied solely with snarling at his door. But he stood them off in 1958 when they demanded that he resign and again last fall, when a group of Minneapolis businessmen offered to buy up the two remaining years of his five-year contract for \$33,000.

"Why do you stay here and take all this?" an assistant once asked.

"Because I'm a good football coach," said Warmath, "and I want to prove it."

Certainly he proved it in the first six games of 1960. His players carried him off the field after the Gophers beat Illinois and again after they beat Michigan, and to a man who has grown accustomed to walking alone down the long, dark corridors of defeat this must have seemed like pretty fancy transportation. After Minnesota outplayed Kansas State in a warmup game last weekend, big red-white-and-blue buttons saying "Warmath for President" began to show up in town. But if he failed to beat Evashewski and Iowa. . .

"This is the most important game," said Warmath, "that any team of mine has ever played."

The two football teams that trotted onto the field before the huge, howling mob on Saturday were as great a study in contrast as their coaches. Speed has always been an Evashewski trademark, but the 1960 Hawkeyes are unbelievably fast; every man in the first three backfields can outrun anyone on the entire Minnesota team. Three halfbacks—Larry Ferguson, Jerry Macon and Sam Harris—and Fullback Joe Williams had each averaged better than five yards a carry. And while Wilburn Hollis, the 200-pound quarterback out of Passaic Trust, Miss., by way of Nebraska's Boys Town, is not much of a passer,



FOREST EVASHEWSKI IS A SERIOUS, INTENT COACH AS HE LEADS IOWA FROM BENCH

he too can run so well that many Iowans consider him the best quarterback Evashewski has ever had. Better than Jerry Reichow or Kenny Ploen, better even than 1958 All-America Randy Duncan.

The Hawkeyes had scored over half of their touchdowns on long runs, and when Hollis does throw he goes for the long, sudden touchdown pass. That is the word for Iowa—sudden. The Iowans play daring, wide-open football, running from a confusing cluster of formations, and they pounce like terrors on any opponent's mistake. It is an exciting team with great scoring ability.

Warmath figured before the game that his problem was simple enough.

"We have to spread our defense to keep them between the ends," he said. "And we have to play back to keep them from getting behind us. We have to pinch them into as small an area as possible. We don't intend to give them anything, but the question is whether in spreading out like this to contain their wide stuff we are going to be giving up too much down the middle."

On offense, Warmath intended to play the game as he learned to play it and as he has always played it: controlling the play, grinding out yardage, kicking on third down in his own territory, seldom throwing a pass, forcing the other team into mistakes. "That has been our success formula this year," he said. "We have lost the ball on fumbles and interceptions only eight times; we have got the football on fumbles and interceptions 22 times. We have more depth in the line than Iowa, and we can outkick them. We can move the ball, too. If our defense can contain their outside speed, we should win."

Minnesota is not an exciting team when it attacks. The standout in the backfield most of the season has been Sandy Stephens, a junior quarterback from Pennsylvania ("We finally had to go outside Minnesota to get quarterbacks and halfbacks and ends," admits Warmath). Stephens weighs 213 pounds and would rather run than throw. The Gophers are massive, with a line that averages 220 pounds, and right in the middle of it is a 243-pound guard named

Tom Brown, who has legs like tree trunks, the movements of a big cat, and is perhaps the best interior lineman in college football. "He's whipped every man in front of him for three years," says Warmath.

There is also a 260-pound tackle, Fran Belisle, who can block; a 220-pound sophomore tackle, Bob Bell, who can crash; and defensive ends named Bob Deegan and Dick Larson, who have been extremely tough on opposing passers all year. The line had held six teams to a total of 21 points before the Iowa game.

Originally, Iowa was favored by 14½ points, but by Monday before the game the spread was down to 1½ in Minneapolis. By Tuesday it was down to a point, by Thursday to half a point. On Saturday the game was considered even.

As it turned out, the game wasn't even at all. Minnesota's marvelous line, led by Brown, whipped Iowa to a stubble. The Gophers made a run-away of the coast with three second-half touchdowns, won 27-10, and returned Floyd of Rosedale to Minnesota after an absence of six years. When it was all over, Minnesota, not Iowa, was the No. 1 team in the nation.

The Gophers scored their only first-half touchdowns on a bad Iowa play in the first quarter. Hawkeye center Bill Van Buren, who had not made a poor snap all season, called the football back over John Calhoun's head on a fourth-down punt attempt, and Minnesota took over on the Iowa 14. The Gophers scored in three plays, Bill Munoy taking a pitchout from Stephens and circling left and for the last seven yards, Jim Rogers kicked the first of three successful conversions.

Iowa drove 60 yards to the Minnesota five midway in the second period, but then Brown and Co. pushed the Hawkeyes back five yards in three plays and Tom Moore kicked a field goal for Iowa from 18 yards out.

The swift Iowa backs would sometimes shake partially loose for 15 or 20 yards, but the yardage was gained inside tackle, never outside end, and most of the time that big Minnesota line was chasing Iowa runners in the opposite direction. The Gopher deep defenders also kept receivers well covered, just as Warmath planned, and the long-distance punting of Stephens kept Iowa backed up in its own end of the field. And all through



IOWA'S BETHORNT, HIT BY AVALANCHE OF MINNESOTA LINEMEN, FUMBLES BALL.

those two punishing quarters the Hawkeye line was taking a terrible beating.

Iowa scored first in the second half to go into a 10-7 lead. Kvaschewski's tricky double reverse ate up 19 yards in five plays, and then Joe Williams popped through the middle, wiggled past two Minnesota linebackers and ran 20 yards to score. Moore kicked the point.

But the rest of the way the game belonged to Minnesota. The Gophers, whose offense had been virtually consistent in the first half, powered 81 yards to a touchdown in 12 plays before the third quarter was over. Roger Hagberg, a 205-pound senior fullback who was to gain 103 yards in 15 carries during the afternoon, caught a very important third-down pass from Stephens' third-string substitute, little Joe Salem, for 28 yards, and then ran through center for 18 more to put the ball on the Iowa eight. Stephens followed Brown's vicious block into the end zone three plays later from one yard out. Rogers missed the kick, but it was 18-10, and Minnesota had proved it could

move the ball against Iowa—just as Warmath had said.

In the fourth quarter Hagberg moved the ball 42 yards on one big play. Gopher tackle Jim Wheeler recovered an Iowa fumble on the Iowa 12, and Hagberg immediately broke through the middle, shook off tacklers, cut to his left and sailed across the goal. The touchdown came with a little less than five minutes left, and by now Minnesota was having fun. Bob Deegan, the Gopher end, hit as Iowa passer so hard that he fumbled, and four plays later Minnesota scored again.

It wasn't fancy football, the way Minnesota played the game, but it was very impressive. Purdue and Wisconsin are going to have trouble producing something better in the next two weeks. If they can't, Minnesota will win its first Big Ten championship in 19 years. And if that doesn't make Murray Warmath's job secure, then nothing ever will. **END**

FOR ARMY-BETHORNT, TURN PAGE
OTHER COLLEGE FOOTBALL PAGE 71

'ON, BRAVE OLD ARMY TEAM'

Backed by a legion of cheering cadets, the Army football team stormed into Yankee Stadium and beat favored Syracuse 9-6

by ROGER WILLIAMS

For a disappointing, twice-beaten team, Army got a rousing send-off when it left West Point last week for its game with Syracuse. The corps of cadets disclosed and expended emotional reserves usually saved for the Navy game—signs, stunts, parades, a crackling determination all over the Point. Army, shouted 2,500 cadets, would beat Syracuse.

But Army was a 7½-point underdog, and sportswriters noted that under Ben Schwartzwalder the Orange—

in two varsity games, numerous freshman games and several preseason scrimmages—had never lost to Army in football. Still cadet spirit soared. At Yankee Stadium dedicated gray-coats plastered "Slash Syracuse" signs on sideline barriers and scattered oranges around a symbolic cross planted at midfield.

Army stole the on-field show as well. Playing their most inspired game in years, the Cadets forced Syracuse into costly mistakes. One penalty helped

Army reach the Syracuse 12, where Tom Blanda kicked a field goal. A fumble on the Army 20 cost Syracuse its one real threat to score in the first half.

At half time, the Orange band marched and the "national champion" baton twirler performed. But the corps roared back with choruses of *On, Brave Old Army Team*. Then, in the third quarter, with Fullback Al Rushate doing most of the carrying, Army moved swiftly and scored when

AS TANKS AND TROOPS CLEAR WAY, ARMY TEAM BUS (BACKGROUND) INCHES DOWN WEST POINT HILL TOWARD RIGHLAND FALLS.



sub Quarterback Dick Eckert faked two handoffs and cut inside end from the two. Army led 9-0.

Then Syracuse came to life. Ernie Davis ate up 37 yards on two runs and, when Army braced, Dick Easterly passed to Ken Eriksen for a touchdown. Syracuse grabbed the ball again but Army stopped the Orange. With fourth and 10 on the Syracuse 39, Tom Gilburg dropped back in punt formation. Army seats had seen the Orange fake a kick in similar situations and had alerted Coach Duke Hall. Hall played for the fake and, when Gilburg threw a pathetically wobbly pass, Army was ready. Roger Zatkas intercepted and that was all. The game ended 9-6 with Army on the Syracuse one and a mob of cadets jumping up and down on the sideline. They swept Hall and their team right off the field and on toward Annapolis.

END

TEAM LEFT THE POINT FRIDAY MORNING



CHEERLEADERS GUIDE MASSES CADETS TO A PREGAME "SERIAL" OF SYRACUSE

THE NEW KID ON THE BLOCK TAKES ON THE CHAMP

Basketball's shining rookie, Oscar Robertson, makes a memorable debut against the Boston Celtics and baffles the incomparable Bob Cousy to a standstill

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

PSIDE!" asked Bob Cousy last Saturday evening just minutes before his Celtics were to play the Cincinnati Royals in the gloomy green Garden in Boston. "Of course it's peide. I've thought about it all week long and talked to myself about it. 'Better get yourself up, Bob. Better be at your best, Bob. Oscar's coming to town to play in your arena before your crowd for the first time.' "

For 10 seasons Bob Cousy has been the player, the one picked by spectators, the press and his fellow athletes as Mr. Basketball. He does not have the height of a Wilt Chamberlain or even a Cliff Hagan, but he has grace and finesse and supreme skill in shooting, ball handling and team leadership. The man Cousy was concerned with was Oscar Robertson, who, many feel, may one day replace Cousy as the best all-round player in the game.

Ever since Robertson, the 6-foot-5, three-time All-American from the University of Cincinnati, first wiggled into the blue-and-white uniform of the professional Royals four weeks ago, he has been on the minds and in the conversations of those who follow basketball devotedly and even of some who only follow it casually.

In his first eight games of the NBA season Robertson apparently had transformed the Royals, a last-place team for the past two years, into an aggressive, cohesive unit. His presence also has raised the Royals' attendance figures to a height unknown since the franchise was shifted from Rochester to Cincinnati four years ago. Last season, for instance, Cincinnati's home attendance for 31 games

was 58,244. In just five home appearances this fall the club has attracted 35,241, and most of these people have been attracted by Oscar.

He had averaged 25 points and 9 assists in his eight games. Still, before he played against Boston the other evening, a clique of doubters remained. All pro basketball players have to be tested in Boston against the champion Celtics, much as all

topflight vaudevillians used to be tested at the Palace. And, when a man plays in the backcourt as Robertson does, he must be tried on the same floor with Cousy. For Robertson, this was a supreme test. He would be playing in Cousy's "town," and Cousy was an All-American when Robertson was 10 years old. Cousy was an NBA All-Star before Robertson got out of junior high school.

ROYALS' ROBERTSON PROTECTS BALL FROM BOSTON'S QUICK-HEADED B. G. JONES



Six hours before game time people were lined up for tickets. The Boston Garden's capacity is listed as 13,909, and 13,258 showed up—a remarkable number this early in the season.

The two main participants came by different routes. Cousy drove from his suburban home in a gray 1960 Cadillac and entered the arena by a "secret" entrance, which keeps him from being trampled by admirers. Robertson walked to the Garden from his hotel, gingerly swinging his gym bag. In the warmups, Robertson concentrated on his jump shot, taking his time and keeping his eye on the basket. Cousy warmed up in his usual monochromatic manner, which makes him look like a small boy tossing pebbles at a window.

As soon as the game got under way each man took control of his team. Both Boston and Cincinnati missed close shots at the basket near the beginning, and then Bill Russell yanked a rebound from the Royals' backboard and passed to Cousy. Cousy started dribbling the ball up the left side of the court, stopped short and tossed a one-hander, and Boston led 2-0. Bill Sharman, who was guarding

Robertson, pushed Oscar, and Robertson made a foul shot. A few seconds later he made another. After six minutes of sloppy play by both teams, but very good play by Cousy and Robertson, the teams were tied 6-6. Aside from the performance of Cousy and Robertson, it was clear at this point, and it remained as all evening, that the Celtics were far off form. Indeed, the champions have seldom played so poorly as a team. (Cousy himself said later, "We haven't played well so far this season. We didn't deserve the two games we won.") Russell rebounded and blocked shots, Sharman shot with his usual brilliance, but there was little unity of attack or defense. Always a running team, the Celtics appeared lead-footed and unprepared for Cincinnati's determined attack. Perhaps, at this stage of the season, they are complacent and sure of their ability to win over a long season. In any event, in the second quarter Cincinnati pulled far ahead, and though Boston drew to within four points late in the game, no one ever doubted the outcome. The Royals won 113-104. It was their first victory

in the Boston Garden in six years.

Statistically, Robertson held his own with Cousy. Cousy played 45 minutes, scored 27 points, had seven rebounds, seven assists. Robertson played 46 minutes, scored 25 points, had six rebounds, seven assists.

BILL THE SHOT

In his first meeting with Cousy, Robertson demonstrated that he is every bit as good a pro as his college career gave promise he would be. This does not mean, however, that Cincinnati is ready to challenge Boston for the championship of the NBA. Cousy is still the better player, still runs his team with a surer hand. As he did in college, Oscar loses his temper easily, reacts to adverse calls by officials with childish petulance. But he has the eye of a squirrel hunter, the slight-of-hand dexterity of a magician, the speed of a sprinter. The question is not whether he can make it among the pros. It is, rather—how big can he make it? Unquestionably, he has the ability. If not the temperament, to be "the next Cousy."

When the game was over, Oscar Robertson was a tired young man. His left ankle, which he had sprained a week earlier, bothered him, and the team-agents clamoring outside the locker-room door also bothered him. Cousy sat on a bench in the Celtics' dressing room, physically exhausted and near tears.

Bill Sharman, who played a fine game for Boston and split the guarding assignment on Robertson, perhaps summed up Oscar best. "I had never seen him play before," said Sharman. "He has three or four fakes all in the same move. He's bigger than most men you usually have to guard in the backcourt. He is a big man with the moves of a really tremendous little man, and he is always ready to whip off a pass that will lead to a basket if a teammate gets free."

For the rest of the season and for years to come, people will be comparing Robertson and Cousy, much as the new music is compared to the old. After their first meeting, there was still one clear difference between the two. Twenty minutes after Robertson had pushed his way through a group of imploring youngsters on the way back to his hotel, Bob Cousy stood in the light drizzle that was falling on the midnight streets of Boston and signed autographs. **END**

CELTICS' COUSY CRIES OUT PAST CINCINNATI'S ARLEN SOCKENOR ON WAY TO SCORE



LIFE IN THE OLD BOYS YET

The Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants, a pair of elderly football teams that have been accused of complacency, played like discontented young Turks during the season's first crucial pro weekend and all but dismantled the Packers and the Browns

NEW YORK: TRIM, TIDY AND TELEPATHIC

THE WISE OLD New York Giants last week demonstrated that four coaches on the field are worth more than one on the sideline, and in the course of their demonstration they won their sixth straight victory over the Cleveland Browns 17-13.

They won this game calmly, meticulously and, above all, with professional efficiency. The Giants are thoroughly accustomed to the Cleveland offense. They seem as familiar as Paul Brown's messenger guards with each play the Cleveland coach sends in. By contrast, Charlie Conerly, the elderly Giant quarterback, used a simple but effective armament of some six plays to peek away at the inflexible and confused Cleveland defense. Had he been able to pass with his accustomed accuracy, the score might more clearly have reflected the difference in the quality of these two teams on this snowy, cold afternoon.

Twice early in the game Conerly misled Giant receivers open for touchdown passes. Thereafter, he probed steadily at the Cleveland ground defense, throwing rarely. He has been crippled by the football equivalent of a tennis elbow for several weeks and is only now at the stage he would normally reach after the second week of practice.

"He did a wonderful job," said Al Sherman, the Giants' bright young offensive coach. "He was changing the signal at the line of scrimmage at least 50% of the time and he was hitting their weak spot every time."

The principal Cleveland weakness is a curious inflexibility, both on offense and defense. The Giants, on running plays, have used their halfbacks most of this season; for this game Conerly time and again called on Mel Triplett, the big fullback, who responded by gaining 137 yards on 24 carries into a Cleveland defense bemused by the halfback fakes. Then, late in the game, when Cleveland somewhat tardily adjusted to the off-center belts of Triplett, Conerly sent Frank Gifford sliding outside the flanks. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, Conerly sent Triplett wide; this play, designed to take advantage of the quick, invariable reactions of the well-schooled Brown linebackers, saw Triplett feint at the center, then veer outside the tackle. The play succeeded almost every time it was used.

The Cleveland touchdown came in the third quarter, following a Giant fumble on the Giant 13-yard line, and it put the Browns ahead 13-10. Then Conerly, on a calm, beautifully sustained drive, took the Giants 80 yards in 14 plays for the touchdown that won the game. The sequence of his play selection on this march exploited every Cleveland weakness and shows clearly how well the Giants were prepared for this particular game and how befuddled the Cleveland defense had grown.

First, Conerly sent Triplett thumping straight ahead to remind the Browns of their vulnerability in the center of the line. Then he faked to Triplett, whirled and threw a short pass wide to Frank Gifford, good for a first down. ("There are pockets in the Cleveland pass defense," Sherman had said before the game. "There are

zones in which it is hard for them to cover. If Charlie could throw the way he usually does, we could exploit all of them. We'll probably have to stick with the short ones.")

Conerly went back to Triplett again, sending him over guard on a trap play for six yards. The Cleveland defense squeaked in again, and the gray, calm Giant quarterback shifted his attack outside the tackle, first with Gifford, then with Triplett on the play that feints at the center of the line.

Early in the game Conerly had been successful with a draw play—a fake pass and late handoff to the fullback—using Triplett; now he used the same call but handed the ball to Gifford, and the unsuspecting Cleveland defense was victimized for 12 yards. He passed to Kyle Rote, incomplete, to remind the Browns that he could still throw short; then, audaciously, he used the draw play again and Triplett whipped through a wide avenue in the middle of the Cleveland line for 16 yards.

This put the Giants on the Cleveland 24, and Conerly punched away three times inside the Brown tackle; then Triplett, on the feint, veered to the outside of the left tackle and went to the Cleveland six.

Not once had Conerly gone outside the Cleveland ends; with the Brown defense pulled in and tight, he sent Gifford on a wide sweep around right end for the touchdown.

The entire march was impressive, but it is the more remarkable when one considers with what a limited attacking force Conerly engineered this touchdowns. The Giant backs are sound, hard runners but none of them

is likely to break away for a long run and none did on this drive. Conerly's rusty passing precluded anything more than the two passes he threw. He used what he had—and that included one of the strongest blocking lines in football—superbly well.

With the best pair of running backs in football—Jim Brown and Bobby Mitchell—and the league's leading passer in Milton Plum, plus receivers with speed and agility, the Brown offense could not move consistently at any time. The 11 players who toiled without relief all day for the Giants held the awesome Brown running attack to a pitiful six yards. Plum completed 13 of 25 passes, but nearly all of them were short; indeed, his total gain was only 89 yards.

So thoroughly did the Giant defense another the Brown ground attack that Paul Brown, who sends in each play to his quarterback via a guard, forsook running almost completely in the second half. With football's best fullback and the game's most dangerous halfback available, he called only three running plays in the last two quarters. Plum passed, ineffectually, the rest of the time.

There are various reasons why the

Giant defense achieved such mastery over the Browns. The defensive unit has played together as long that it operates almost as a single organism. Three of the key players—Harland Swane, Andy Robustelli and Jimmy Patton—are so thoroughly versed in their art that they are coaches as well as players. And Sunday the tough, well-trained team was edgy and mean after an early-week upbraiding by Head Coach Jim Lee Howell following a loss to the St. Louis Cardinals. Frequently, the four men in the first line of defense—Robustelli, Dick Modolewski, Roosevelt Grier and Jim Katcavage—simply overpowered the Brown line to smother Plum or dump Brown and Mitchell.

But as important as any of these reasons is the Giants' remarkable anticipation of Brown plays. Gained by an exhaustive study of the Paul Brown pattern of play-calling, it was nearly perfect Sunday. Neither Jim Brown, on his drives up the middle, nor Bobby Mitchell, on his lightning sweeps outside the end, ever found his path unimpeded.

"We knew we had to execute," said Sam Huff, the middle linebacker, whose principal responsibility was

dogging Brown. "They never show you anything new. But they do the old things so well that the only way you can beat them is by executing your defense better than they operate their offense."

Swane, who is the Giant defensive coach, calls the Giant defenses, then Patton and Robustelli make minor adjustments in their own provinces (the secondary for Patton, the line for Robustelli). Huff may, if the situation warrants, make more adjustments from his middle-linebacker post. All the adjustments are based on a sure knowledge of the unvarying habits of the Brown offense; the Giants closed the middle to Jim Brown on short-yardage plays, went wide to meet Mitchell on the third and long yardage plays and, in general, interposed roadblocks in every avenue the Browns explored. The result was frustrating for the 82,872 spectators in Cleveland, and for the Cleveland players, who seemed convinced that they were up against a foe blessed with telepathic powers.

The 11-man Giant defensive unit played the entire game without substitution. After it was over, full-

continued

JIM BROWN, UNTIL SUNDAY THE LEAGUE'S LEADING RUSHER, IS STOPPED DEAD BY GIANTS' JIM KATCAVAGE (RIGHT). LINDON CROW



necked, thick-bodied Dick Medzelewski lay furiously chewing gum on the training table in the dressing room while the team physician, Dr. Francis Sweeney, stitched shut a gaping chest wound between his fingers.

"I got stepped on," he said when the stitching job was finished. "I did not notice it until I saw all the blood. Then I showed it to Sam and said, 'Look. My hand's cut open.' He said, 'Shove it together and keep pushing on in there.' So I did."

Jim Lee Howell, the Giant head coach, studied the game statistics and

his face broke suddenly into a wide, happy grin.

"Hey," Huff called to him. "That makes the Arkansas gentleman laugh, hey? You hear the heads poppin' out there today?"

Howell, a big, easygoing man who seldom berates his team, nodded. "I didn't hear any last week," he said. "You played your game today." He turned away from Huff. "That's what won, brute force and head popping. But we always play best against the Browns. I don't have to talk this team into playing against the Browns. They like to beat the best."

—TEX MAULE

A STAMPEDE OF COLTS

THEY'RE REALLY GOT the pressure on them. We have one loss, but they have two." The speaker was Fullback Jim Taylor of the Green Bay Packers and he referred to the Baltimore Colts. The Packers, leaders of the Western Division with a 4 and 1 record, were in Baltimore to play the Colts Sunday, and the Colts, as every Baltimorean knew, were off to allow 4 and 3 start in quest of their third straight league title. The thick, gloomy sky covering the city the day before the game seemed symbolic. "Sunday," warned one local man, "must be one of those days for the Colts. Otherwise, they are through as champions."

The Colts were grimly incommunicado on Saturday, holding morning practice in secrecy. The Packers flew in after noon and were chipper as breakfast hostesses as they chattered their way through drills in Memorial Stadium. Coach Vince Lombardi, who had patched up the Packers and inspired them into a surprising 7 and 5 record last year (they had been a horrible 1-10-1 in pre-Lombardi 1961), arrived smiling. Rosy-cheeked Demetrius ("Call me Ode") Odejnicki, a resister who serves as payless Packer president, beamed becomingly at anyone who would look back at him, though he privately admitted to butterflies. The players were confident: one of the Colt losses was a 35-21 defeat administered by the Packers at Green Bay in early October. True, the Packers were outgained (245 yards to 435), but they had played alertly and aggressively, intercepting four

passes by Johnny Unitas and grabbing two Colt fumbles.

This last Sunday, however, the law of averages (or maybe it was the law of irony) caught Green Bay. This second game was almost an exact reverse of the first. This time the Packers outgained the Colts (425 yards to 404), but the Colts intercepted four passes by Bart Starr and grabbed two Packer fumbles to win 38-24.

In retrospect, one could see that the Packer pattern of defeat was set shortly after the Colts kicked off. With Halfback Paul Hornung sweeping right end and Taylor and End Gary Knefke receiving, the Packers moved to the Colt 15. There, however, on third down and with eight yards to go, Colt Halfback Milt Davis intercepted a pass meant for Knefke. Davis caught the ball on the two and ran it out to the 10—far enough out so that Johnny Unitas felt free to pass. To the screams of the usual full crowd of 58,000, Unitas began throwing to the outside of the oncoming Packer line, first to End Ray Berry on the left, then to Halfback Lenny Moore, flanked to the right.

Unfortunately for the Packers, Jesse Whitenton, their experienced defensive right halfback, had to leave the game (he returned only briefly in the second half). Whitenton had slipped on the stadium turf and pulled a muscle in Saturday's practice, and now he had aggravated his injury to the point where it caused him pain. "He just couldn't run," Lombardi

continued





HIGH STEPPING into end zone, Colts' Berry shades sprawling Safety John Scrimm, after making Unitas' six-year pass.

OUTRIPPING AT BALL, Colts' Hawkins bails in short pass from Unitas before falling out of bounds on wingback flip.



said afterward: "From the way things looked, maybe we should have kept him in." In Whittenton's place, Lombardi used two rookies, first Willie Wood, then Dick Pesonen. Neither was ready for the assignment of handling Berry and Halfback Alex Hawkins. Before the game was over, Unitas had thrown four touchdown passes in their direction. "To put a rookie in, and to put him in against Berry and Unitas, and in Baltimore, too, well, that's too much pressure," Lombardi said. "Of course," he added quickly, "that's to take nothing away from Berry and Unitas."

In any event, when Whittenton went out and Wood came in, the Colts had the ball, second and one on the Packers 45. Unitas set about immediately to exploit his good fortune. He fell back behind a bushel of blockers, faked to Berry breaking inside ("to draw the halfback in,"

Unitas explained later), paused, then hit Berry, who had cut back to the sideline, on the 19. Completely alone, he caught the ball and scored.

The Colts suddenly struck again. Steve Myhra kicked off to the Packers. Halfback Tom Moore, the Packers' first draft choice for 1960, took the ball in the end zone and headed out. But at the 20 he was met so hard that the ball squirted from his hands. It landed on the 24, where Myhra, of all people, pounced on it.

The Packers dug in. They slammed into Unitas. Then the Colts lost 15 for holding. All of a sudden, the Packers had the Colts back on the 56, third and 36 yards to go. Then Unitas, who did nothing wrong all afternoon, called a pass play known as "the flea flicker."

Unitas handed off to Fullback Billy Prier or what looked like a draw. Prier ran toward the line, then lateraled back to Unitas. Meantime, Hawkins, who had faked the defensive

man out of position by pretending he was going to block for the run that Prier never made, sprinted down the left sideline. "I went down until I didn't think Johnny could throw that far," Hawkins said. "I slowed down, then I went running after it again, like an outfielder misjudging a fly ball." Hawkins lunged for the ball, caught it and fell forward on the one. Two plays later he scored on a pass from Unitas.

The Colts kept up the tempo. Orrell Braase and Johnny Sample raced into the Packer backfield to block a field-goal attempt by Hornung. The Colts took over on their own 30 and moved to the 21 where Unitas passed to Berry in the end zone. It was the 100th touchdown pass of Unitas' NFL career.

Green Bay got a touchdown when Starr passed twice to End Max McGee, and Taylor tore through the line for the four.

The Packers continued to fight back in the third period. Bill Fawcett intercepted on the Colt 40. "Unitas said he just didn't see the linebacker," Coach Weeb Ewbank said. Taylor, carrying and receiving, brought the ball to the 14, where Hornung ran around left end for the score.

The Colts were forced to kick from their 27. Wood took the ball on his own 57 and slithered and dodged his way to the Colt 30 as the crowd groaned. But there was a flag on the play. The Packers were penalized for a personal foul and put back on their own 13. Sample intercepted. The Colts lost the ball on a fumble, but then got it right back when the Packers fumbled. The Colts stalled and settled for a field goal, making the score 21-14.

Still Green Bay came back in the final period. Starr hit Taylor and End Boyd Dowler down the middle. Taylor carried to the two, and Hornung dove in for the touchdown. Five minutes later, Hornung, the league's leading scorer, made a 24-all with a goal from the 21. The Packers, who had been down 21-0 in the second quarter, now had it tied. But the Colts had Unitas and Berry and Moore, and the Packers were without Whittenton.

With the crowd urging him on ("C'mon, Johnny, get us one! Just one!"), Unitas began throwing low line drives to Berry and Moore. From

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Yds.	Pts.	Yds.	Pts.
Pls.	Run.	Pass.	Comp.	
Giants vs. Browns	27	709	104	6-18
Colts vs. Packers	13	6	89	12-25
Colts vs. Packers	28	55	300	20-29
Colts vs. Packers	24	351	275	24-33
Lions vs. Oilers	24	328	179	14-30
Oilers	0	308	352	19-31
Rams vs. Cowboys	38	348	232	14-31
Cowboys	13	354	75	9-28
Eagles vs. Steelers	24	167	326	21-35
Steelers	7	164	198	9-25
Cardinals vs. Redskins	44	263	238	17-24
Redskins	7	125	25	7-17

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Philadelphia	5	1	0	.833
New York	4	1	1	.800
Cleveland	4	2	0	.667
St. Louis	4	3	0	.571
Pittsburgh	2	4	1	.333
Washington	1	5	2	.250

WESTERN CONFERENCE

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Baltimore	5	2	0	.714
Green Bay	4	2	0	.667
Chicago	3	2	1	.600
San Francisco	3	4	0	.429
Detroit	2	4	0	.333
Los Angeles	2	4	1	.333
San Jose	0	7	0	.000

AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE

THE WEEK'S GAMES

	Yds.	Pts.	Yds.	Pts.
Pls.	Run.	Pass.	Comp.	
Colts vs. Broncos	45	191	266	17-34
Colts vs. Broncos	25	51	407	11-54
Texas vs. Oilers	45	145	219	30-24
Oilers	28	29	323	37-42
Chargers vs. Raiders	21	352	128	13-33
Raiders	7	47	263	12-32
Patriots vs. Raiders	34	97	264	16-37
Raiders	78	178	565	14-27

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Houston	6	2	0	.750
New York	4	5	0	.444
Buffalo	3	5	0	.375
Boston	3	5	0	.375

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct.
Los Angeles	5	3	0	.625
Denver	4	4	0	.500
Seattle	4	4	0	.500
Oakland	4	5	0	.444



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November 10 Washington, D.C. International, 3-year-olds and up, invitation, 1 1/4 m. turf, \$100,000 added, Laurel, Md.

November 11 Towson Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/4 m., \$50,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.

November 12 Midweek Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 2 1/4 m., \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

November 13 Veterans Day Handicap, 3-year-olds, 1 m. 70 yds., \$10,000 added, Narragansett Park, R.I.

November 13 Travers Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$75,000 added, Garden State Park, N.J.

November 15 The Frimette, 3-year-old fillies, 1 m., \$50,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

November 15 Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes, 2-year-olds, 1 m., \$25,000 added, Churchill Downs, Ky.

November 15 The Turf Cup, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m. turf, \$20,000 added, Laurel, Md.

November 15 Jurek H. Conner Memorial, 2-year-olds, 1 1/4 m., \$15,000 added, Narragansett Park, R.I.

November 12 Oakland Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 m., \$25,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

November 12 Mohawk Stakes, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$7,500 added, Woodbine, Ont.

November 12 Exhilaration Stakes, 2-year-olds, 6 1/2 f., \$5,000 added, Sankland Park, N. Mex.

November 14 Pindoe Breeders, 2-year-olds, 1 1/4 m., \$7,500 added, Parkview, Md.

November 16 Sport Page Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

November 18 Gallant Fox Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$75,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

November 18 Pindoe Futurity, 2-year-olds, 1 1/4 m., \$50,000 added, Parkview, Md.

November 18 Clark Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$25,000 added, Churchill Downs, Ky.



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November 18 Durham Cup, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$15,000 added, Woodbine, Ont.

November 18 Berkeley Handicap, 3-year-olds, 1 1/16 m., \$10,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

November 18 Governor's Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., \$10,000 purse, Narragansett Park, R.I.

November 24 Firenze Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 m., \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

November 24 Dixie Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m. turf, \$20,000 added, Pimlico, Md.

November 24 Valedictory Stakes, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$20,000 added, Woodbine, Ont.

November 24 Thanksgiving Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 m., \$10,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

November 24 Thanksgiving Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$7,500 added, Fair Grounds, La.

November 24 Inaugural Handicap, 4-year-olds and up, 5 f., \$2,500 purse, Arizona Downs at Turf Paradise, Ariz.

November 28 Duplay Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 2 m., \$20,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

November 28 The Margarita, 2-year-old fillies, 1 1/16 m., \$15,000 added, Pimlico, Md.

November 28 Richmond Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., \$10,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

November 28 Crescent City Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., \$10,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.

November 28 Newport Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$7,500 added, Narragansett Park, R.I.

November 28 Grand Canyon State Handicap, 3-year-olds, 6 f., \$5,000 purse, Arizona Downs at Turf Paradise, Ariz.

November 30 Queens County Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 m., \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

December 2 The Gallrette, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1½ m., \$15,000 added, Pimlico, Md.

December 2 Sacramento Handicap, 3-year-olds, 1½ m., \$10,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

December 2 Baton Rouge Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$10,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.

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December 3 Bristol Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$7,500 added, Narragansett Park, R.I.

December 4 Camelback Mountain Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$5,900 purse, Arizona Downs at Turf Paradise, Ariz.

December 10 The Florida Cup, 3-year-olds and up, 2 1/16 m., \$30,000 added, Pimlico, Md.

December 10 San Francisco Mile, 3-year-olds and up, 1 m., \$15,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

December 10 Jaycee Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., \$10,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.

December 10 Au Revoir Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., \$7,500 added, Narragansett Park, R.I.

December 11 Arizona Breeders' Futurity, 2-year-olds, 6 f., \$5,900 added, Arizona Downs at Turf Paradise, Ariz.

December 17 Golden Gate Futurity, 2-year-olds, 1 m., \$15,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

December 17 Gulf Coast Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$10,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.

December 18 Texas Derby, 3-year-olds, 1 m., \$5,000 added, Saratoga Park, N. Mex.

December 18 Scottsdale Mile, 3-year-olds and up, 1 m., \$2,500 purse, Arizona Downs at Turf Paradise, Ariz.

December 20 Golden Gate Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$20,000 added, Golden Gate Fields, Calif.

December 24 Valeride Handicap, 2-year-olds, 5 1/2 f., \$10,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.

December 26 Fiske Veder Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$20,000 added, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

December 26 Desert Derby, 3-year-olds, 1 m., \$2,500 added, Arizona Downs at Turf Paradise, Ariz.

December 29 California Breeders' Trial, 2-year-olds, 7 f., \$25,000 added, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

December 31 Malibu Stakes, 3-year-olds, 7 f., \$25,000 added, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

December 31 Las Flores Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 6 f., \$20,000 added, Santa Anita Park, Calif.

December 31 Sugar Bowl Handicap, 2-year-olds, 6 f., \$10,000 added, Fair Grounds, La.

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Upset in the Cup

Assle railbirds, 103,860 strong, whooped a mare named Hi Jinx home to victory in last week's characteristically unpredictable and enthusiastic running of the Melbourne Cup. Favorites do not often finish first in this race, so tradition was served when the 50-to-1 shot became the 77th dark horse to win in 100 runnings of the Cup. The favorite, Tulloch, betrayed backers by finishing the two-mile race a soggy seventh.



AS AT ASCOT, gray top hats adorn the sartorial pantheon at Melbourne's track, where formal dress for great racing occasions is still pretty much de rigueur.



OUT IN FRONT, Hi Jinx high-tails it down the stretch, leading Hovude (middle) and Ilmorgh (inside). Trapped in a

slow-starting field, she was back in 18th place at 3 furlongs, when jockey W. A. Smith saw a hole and took her through.

CONTINUED

MELBOURNE CUP *continued*

WONNER BY A HEAD, Hi Jinx, the eighth mare to take the Melbourne Cup, returns for the post-race weigh-in, escorted by an outrider wearing traditional dress. One turf fan



who was not at the race was K.R. Sly, Hi Jinx's co-owner (with Trevor Knowles). A New Zealand dairy farmer, he was too busy caring for his cows to watch his horse.

Photographs by Tom Matheis



THE HANDSOME HERO OF THE HAWKS

That's blond Bobby Hull, hottest shot of hockey's
hungriest team, who at 21 is league scoring
champion and one of the game's brightest stars

by KENNETH RUDEEN

ROBERT MARVIN HULL, the hard-hitting fancy skater who animates this week's cover, may turn out to be one of the world's great hockey players. If so, he will certainly be the only one who ascended to greatness by climbing all 1,813 steps of the Eiffel Tower as a gaggle-eyed tourist in Paris. But that story comes later. The immediately significant fact is that the bright young star of the Chicago Black Hawks looms about as high above run-of-the-ice hockey players as the Eiffel Tower above the skyline of Paris.

During the last three seasons, Bobby Hull's slashing skill on the ice in the service of the Hawks has brought light and hope to a team that, over the years, has dwelt in a state of almost unrelieved darkness and despair. A mere 21 years old, Hull is one of those truly unusual athletes who leap to the top of a sport after the briefest sort of apprenticeship. He came directly from amateur hockey to the big time—a rare enough accomplishment in itself—and last spring, in his third National Hockey League season, became the second-youngest player in history to win the scoring championship. The youngest by a matter of only 16 days was Harvey (Busher) Jackson, chief trigger man on the Toronto Maple Leafs' Kid Line in 1931-32.

Affluence followed quickly on the heels of eminence this fall as Hull signed a five-year, \$100,000 contract which brought him within slap-shot range of hockey's highest-salaried players: Jean Beliveau and Doug Harvey of the Montreal Canadiens and Gordie Howe, Old Inexpensable of the Detroit Red Wings, each of whom is paid approximately \$25,000 a year. Hull's contract is said to be almost identical with the proposal the Canadiens originally used to seduce Beliveau, a provincial idol, from the Quebec Aces.

As the new season opened last month, Hull began to pay back the Hawks' investment with notable speed. Unbeaten in the first six games and with only three losses in the first 11, the Hawks and Hull have been so hot that enchanted Chicago fans are becoming reckless. They are speculating right out loud that the Hawks



POUND FATHER poses before King-of-the-hill trophy with trophy-winning son Bobby.



IN A CHARACTERISTIC SHOW OF STRENGTH, HULL FENCE OFF AN OPPOSING RANGER WITH ONE ARM WHILE ATTACKING GOAL

may snatch the NHL title away from the Montreal Canadiens, who for the last three seasons have acted as though they owned it.

Never mind, say the fans, that the Hawks have never won the NHL championship and haven't been as high as second since 1934-35. In a preseason poll of newsmen, they were a nearly unanimous choice to place second to Montreal, and since the season started they have jounced the Habs out of first place several times. Few can doubt that much of the credit for Chicago's part in all this belongs to Bobby Hull.

Not only one of hockey's finest, Hull is also its handsomest player. His hair is blond, his eyes blue and his smile uncommonly forthright and ingratiating. From the neck down he has the sculptured musculature of a Muscle Beach playboy. Hockey is not a game of giants, and at 5 feet 10 and 190 pounds Hull is literally a big man on the ice.

Some of the most effective players in hockey are unspectacular. A novice spectator, for instance, can easily overlook Gordie Howe, because the fabulous Detroit wing does everything so economically and with so little fuss that he seems almost to disappear in the clutch of bodies. But

it would be impossible to overlook Bobby Hull. Game pads, jersey (red at home, white on the road) and bulky shorts give him a close-coupled, tanklike look, but when he is on the ice he moves excitingly and with the grace and fluency of a figure skater. There is a cheerful, vivid, freewheeling recklessness about him. He picks up the puck and sprints toward the enemy goal with the kind of jack-rabbit acceleration that marked Germany's Olympic 100-meter track champion Armin Hary. Head up, eyes unblinkingly calculating, he seems almost visibly deciding whether to try to roughhouse past the defense or feed one of his linemates. Sometimes, given a shooting chance at close quarters, he will snap the puck away. At other moments, with a little more room, he takes a big backswing and gives the puck a tremendous swing. His shot is "heavy" as well as hard—that is, not easily deflected. One goalie says it feels like lead when it thunks against him.

In a game in which tempers flare easily, skulls are sometimes cracked, blood frequently is drawn and teeth regularly are bashed in, Hull is a live-and-let-live player. He lost his own front teeth at the hands of an opposing player early in his career, but he

is incapable of the wild rage that used to erupt in Rocket Richard, nor does he have the cold executioner's touch of Howe, who exerts the traditional eye for eye and tooth for tooth whenever officials are looking elsewhere. Except for a stick-swinging brawl last year with New York Defenseman Lou Fontinato, the angry man whom NHL fans love to hate, Hull's scraps have been routine and quickly forgotten. "I have the odd fight," he says nonchalantly.

Happy-go-lucky, genial, a little cocky, Bobby Hull is still essentially the same gleeful kid who had more energy to expend than anyone else in Point Anne, Ontario, where he was born on January 3, 1939. Point Anne is a company town tacked on to a local cement plant. Its fat twin smokestacks dominate the north, or mainland, shore of the Bay of Quinte. An arm of Ontario hooks out into the lake just across the bay from the town, and Toronto lies 120 miles to the west. "The population is about a thousand if you count the dogs," says Hull's 14-year-old sister, Judy, giving the ou sound a typically Canadian value. "About a hundred if you don't."

As the son of a cement company

continued



TWO FACES OF HULL CONTRAST ENGAGING, UNMARKED HERO OF THE FANS AND GAP-TOOTHED COMBATANT WHO FACES THE FOE

BOBBY HULL *continued*

foreman, Bobby Hull grew up in a succession of company houses spotted here and there around the town. Bigger houses were needed from time to time as new Hulls arrived (Bobby is the fifth oldest of 11 brothers and sisters). The family's present lodgings are in a three-story stucco two-family house within 30 yards of the bay shore. Most of the brood is still young enough to live at home.

Bobby himself now has a seven-room summer place of his own on Big Island, just across the water from the Hull family home. There one day last summer, as Bobby tells the tale, "I had taken my boat out on the bay for a little water skiing with my wife, Joanne. We came back toward the end of the afternoon to have some barbecue with Mum and Dad and my grandfather—he's over 80—and my cousin, Carol Cook.

"Then we all decided to go for a ride in the boat. It's a 23-foot inboard runabout. I hit the starter. There must have been a gas leak. I guess the arc from the starter brushes ig-

nited the fumes. Anyway, there was an explosion that knocked everybody down and blew the floor boards right out. The engine box tipped up, letting a blast of flame as hot as a welder's torch catch Mum on the legs. Joanne was blown onto the dock. Dad bailed out and swam. I knew my cousin could swim, so I shoved her into the water. Then I got Mum out of the flames. I saw that grandfather wasn't in danger, so I jumped overboard and sort of swam the boat back to the dock from where it had drifted. I wasn't hurt at all, but Mum was hurt pretty bad."

Mrs. Hull, alive and improving, but with her legs swathed in bandages, was still in the hospital at nearby Belleville two months later when I found my way to the neat stucco house in Point Anne. Mr. Hull was on hand, however, so with him and seven other members of the Hull family, I sat down to the most abundant dinner I had faced since a certain harvest meal before the war.

It was Sunday, and we ate chicken, dressing, potatoes, cauliflower with a cheese sauce, green beans, a green

salad, a gelatin salad, a local Cheddar cheese and lemon meringue pie. The date cake looked good, too, but it arrived too late.

A glance at that loaded table provided one sure clue to Bobby Hull's left: a glance at his father, Robert Edward Hull, another. The elder Hull is a thick-chested 225-pounder with a booming voice and faded blond hair. When he had more of it, some years ago, he too was a well-known local hockey player called The Blond Flash. That was when he courted Bobby's mother.

A duck to water

It was on the ice of the Bay of Quinte just outside the door of the Hulls' house that Bobby himself learned to skate, to whack a puck straight and hard toward a makeshift goal and to use the strength he found in his stocky legs.

"We gave Robert a pair of skates for Christmas when he wasn't quite 5," said Hull Sr., helping himself to white meat and dressing. "I took him over to a frozen pond near home, and

continued

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BOBBY HULL continued

I'll be darned if he wasn't taking a few strides within a half hour.

"He learned to swim just as fast. One day he just waded out into the water and started paddling away. Bogad, I had to wade in after him, clothes and all."

"Hey, Maxine," said Jackie Hull to another elder sister of Bobby's, "remember the time Bobby threw a tomato at you and hit you in the eye? There never was a time when we could handle him."

"Robert was always fast on his feet," said Hull Sr., picking up a wishbone and the thread of his reflections. "And strong. When he was 16 or so Robert worked in the plant here. On one job he had to use a jackhammer—way up high, above his shoulders—to loosen some firebrick in a kiln that was being shut down. I didn't see it, but a man told me he handled that jackhammer as if it was a toothpick."

After dinner some of us called on Mrs. Hull at the hospital. She turned out to be a pleasant, ample woman with soft, dark hair and obvious pride in her healthy, happy brood. "I've never lost a night's sleep over Robert or any of my children," Mrs. Hull said. "I'm only sorry that Peg here [the youngest, aged 13] wasn't twins. I've always wanted to have twins."

Just like a father

With his family's encouragement, Bobby, like most Canadian youngsters, played hockey endlessly both at home and at school. He was 14 when a Chicago scout, Bob Wilson, spotted him and won him for the Hawks' system. In his mid-teens he played Junior B amateur hockey, then Junior A for two years for the St. Catharines, Ont., Teepees, who were then coached by the present Chicago coach, Rudy Pilous. Now a left wing, Hull at that time was a hard-skating center with no great reputation for reliability or teamwork. He recalls that at least once Pilous suspended him "for a couple of weeks."

"I reprimanded Bobby," says the Chicago coach, "just as some father would his own son for tromping on the living room rug with his muddy shoes. We were trying to get him to move the puck, to help set up plays, but he was headstrong and couldn't see things our way."

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When, at 18, Hull took that giant stride from St. Catharines to Chicago, he was still far from mature, on or off the ice. Domestically, he embarked on an unhappy marriage that fouled out in divorce. (His second wife, whom he married last spring, is a pretty, red-haired former ice-show skater.) Professionally, he found it hard to give up the old take-the-puck-in-alone habit that had angered Pless in St. Catharines. He was a sensational rookie, delighting the crowds and scoring a solid 47 points in his first big league season and 50 in his second, but he was still inexperienced enough to think he had to do it all himself.

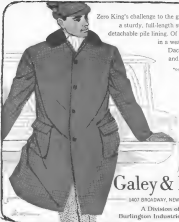
The grand tour

Then came the trip to Europe and the lesson in the virtue of cooperation that turned Bobby Hull from a merely good to a potentially great hockey player, one who uses his head as well as his stick. Despite his new status as a travelling hockey star, Hull was as awed as any other tourist when he arrived overseas in 1959 to play a series of exhibition games. Even though his schedule called for 23 games in 25 nights, Bobby was determined not to miss a thing on the way. He saw virtually every sight there was to see between London and Vienna, doggedly walked through every museum and climbed every recommended staircase, including the one that leads to the top of France's Eiffel Tower. "After that," says Bobby in thoughtful reminiscence, "I was so tired that I couldn't have taken the puck down the ice alone and put it in if I'd wanted to. I had to learn to pass it off. And the best part of all was that I still came out the leading scorer."

His lesson learned, Bobby Hull de-emphasized his rhesus charges and spruced up his team play so remarkably last season that he collected 29 goals and 42 assists, beating Boston's Bronco Hoevuth for the scoring title by a single point on the final night. He did "the hat trick" (three goals in a single game) three times, and in one game murdered Toronto with four goals.

Shortly after the season opened Bobby was given Red May, 25, a big, rawboned Colorado College star, as

continued



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Oxford Kingdom Bartenders
Year: Miss Wining Recipe
(1984)
1 oz. Vodka
1/2 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
Juice of 1/2 Lemon
Dash of Angostura Bitters
1 teaspoon Marshmallow
Cherry Juice
Shake with ice, strain into glass.

APPLETIN WEE COCKTAIL
Juice of 1/2 Lemon
1 1/2 oz. Galliano
Shake vigorously with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass, sip slowly.

GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
United Kingdom Bartenders
Gold: Prize Wining Recipe
(1984)
1 oz. Galliano
1/2 oz. Cointreau
1/2 oz. Vodka Juice
1/2 oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass. *(Serves 1)*

ITALIAN HEATHER COCKTAIL
2 oz. Scotch Whisky
1/2 oz. Galliano
Stir in cracked mixing glass. Drop in twist of lemon peel.

GALLIANO MIST
Pour 1 1/2 oz. Galliano over cracked ice, garnish 3/4 section fresh lime. Stir, serve and savor compliments graciously!

COCKTAIL ST. VINCENT
1989 Prize Winner Association Italian Bartenders
(1 oz. Galliano)
1 oz. Light Cream
1/2 oz. Gin
Few drops Grenadine
Shake with ice and serve. *(Serves 1)*

BOBBY HULL continued

center, and compact, dark-haired Murray Balfour, 24, as right wing.

They went together like ham, eggs and home fries. Playmaker Hay was the rookie-of-the-year award, and Balfour turned out to be the kind of hard-digging corner man every good line needs. He and Hay both scored 18 goals, a record roughly equivalent to a .380 batting average in baseball.

At this point General Manager Tommy Ivan says he wouldn't take a million dollars for the Hull line and, as if to prove it, he has done all he can to back it up. Goalie Glenn Hall, three times an All-Star, is as good as any in the league. Chicago's defensemen are seasoned and transcendent. If Center Ed Litzenberger has recovered from the emotional crisis of an automobile accident in which his wife was killed last winter, he should again be the 50-goal man he used to be. Aging Center Ted Sloss is a steady balance wheel. Ab McDonald, Stan Mikita and bellicose Reg Fleming are among the league's most promising young forwards.

Turning tide

A sound team and certainly an entertaining one, the Hawks at this point fall just short of being a really superior one. It is distinctly possible, however, that the tide of power in the NHL may be slowly swinging from Montreal to Chicago, just as it swung from Detroit to Montreal not so long ago. In recent weeks the Canadians have faltered time and again. They have lost the great Rocket Richard, and their veterans are fast growing old. For example, Defenseman Doug Harvey, 36, and Tom Johnson, 32—the NHL's best—are in their 14th and 11th seasons, respectively. When the time comes, it will be hard to replace them.

All over the league, coaches and managers are praying and searching for signs of greatness in their youngsters. In 22-year-old Carl Brewer, Toronto has a defenseman who has the potential to be one of the finest. New York has Jack McCartan, the Olympic hero, and Jack not only has great promises but real magnetism at the box office. Montreal, of course, has its great reputation. But right now none of them has what Chicago has, for Chicago has Hull, and Hull has everything.

END

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WILMA AND ED

by BARBARA HEILMAN

IN NASHVILLE on Thursday, September 8, Charlie B. (for Betty) Temple got up at 6 o'clock. She dressed and fed Edwin, 4, and Bernard, 7, took the former to stay with Mrs. Woodruff and the latter to summer school and got to her husband's job in the post office by 8. In Rome on September 8 her husband, women's Olympic track coach Ed Temple, got his charges Martha, Lucinda, Barbara and Wilma fed, checked their warmups and rubdowns and whether they had their starting blocks, and watched them go out and win another gold medal. Martha Hudson, Barbara Jones, Lucinda Williams and Wilma Rudolph are four (the record-breaking relay team) of the eight Tennessee State Tigerbelles who among them about made up the U.S. women's Olympic track team. They went to Rome undefeated and returned with a world record, three Olympic records and three gold medals—more gold medals, as Temple points out, than were won by 75 of the countries participating in the Games, including Great Britain, France, Spain, Argentina and Canada. Tennessee's effervescent Ralph Boston, of course, allows the university to claim a fourth, for his smash through Jesse Owens' broad-jump record. "Hey Ralph," a porter shouted in Chicago, when Boston stopped there on his way home, "Jesse mad at you?" "No, man, he's a cool cat!"

The star at the top of the whole Christmas tree is Wilma Glodean Rudolph—Skeeter Rudolph, who won two of the three gold medals herself and anchored the relay team that broke the world record for the third. A slender 5 feet 11 inches, Wilma Rudolph exudes a look of mingled gracefulness and bounciness that suggests a duchess but, in a crowd that is one part Skeeter and 5,000 parts people, young men and babies will come to her in 38 seconds. Her manners are of a natural delicacy and sweetness as true as good weather. She tore up Rome, then Greece, England, Holland and Germany. In Cologne it took mounted police to keep back her admirers; in Wuppertal,

police dogs. In Berlin her public stole her shoes, surrounded her bus (she boarded it in her bare feet) and beat on it with their fists to make her wove. Autograph hunters jostled her wherever she went, and she was deluged with letters, gifts, telegrams and pleas that she stay where she was or come to a dozen cities where she wasn't.

The girlish champion

It was reported around the world that all this left La Gamelle Nera, La Parle Noire unperturbed; her calm was described with such enthusiasm, in fact, that it was possible to receive the impression that Miss Rudolph has the emotional makeup of a vegetable marrow. It is true that while the rest of the team sweated out the hour before a race Skeeter might go tranquilly to sleep on the rubdown table. "Time come to wait her," Temple says, "she sit up and yawn, pick up a shoe and kind of look at it. I'd be all tied up, but I didn't want to make her nervous. 'Skeeter, you better get that shoe on,' I'd say, and she'd put it on and yawn and look at the other one." And it also is true that the adulation has left her ego untouched. "Skeeter just the same; in fact I think she worse," a schoolmate said with satisfaction when Skeeter, back at school, tried to slither out of some honor. But Skeeter's nerves are not so flaccid that she was unaffected by all the to-do of the post-Olympic team. As she repeatedly pulled herself together for banquet after banquet and presentation after presentation across the U.S., her look of gracefulness slipped. In Chicago's City Hall it was a child sick with lack of sleep who leaned against a wall, waiting for Mayor Daley. At the final celebration in her home town of Clarksville she held up for eight hours of travel, parading, parachute-jumping exhibitions, speeches and the shaking of every hand in town. She hadn't spent a night in her own bed yet, though she had been 10 days in the country. As the ninth hour wore on, Skeeter looked longingly over the heads of the people who were left, out the door into the warm Tennessee

night where her own home waited and her best friend, Maxine, to walk her there. But Clarksville's mayor jovially claimed her for the television cameras. She didn't cry. She sat down and signed autographs and said it had been very exciting but she was glad to be home, and she was still there when the rest of the press left to go to bed.

Skeeter is the 20-year-old daughter of Ed Rudolph, a retired porter, and his wife Blanche, who works as a domestic in Clarksville. She is one of 19 children, seven of whom are her full brothers and sisters; the 11 others are children of a previous marriage of her father. However, as her mother points out, no huge number of people has occupied the small house on Kellogg Street at any given time. The age span is great; the girls married early, and the boys went into

HER LONG ORDEAL OF TRIUMPH OVER.



service. "My boy George Vanderbilt," her mother says, "is at the North Pole, in the Navy. He had eight years of expensive music, and he went into the Navy and started to cook. You never know what your children is going to do."

Double pneumonia and scarlet fever left Skeeter at 4 unable to walk. "It didn't make her cross," her mother recalls. "She tried to play. The other children came and played with her while she sat there in her chair." The bad left leg improved, but it wasn't the only trouble Skeeter had. She was sick often. "It took like everything harder for her than for the other children," her mother says, and says also, "She never knew eat anything."

This refrain is picked up by Skeeter's coaches. Burt High School's Clinton Gray says, "Only problem was to

get her to eat. She wouldn't eat her lunch, and you'd know she hadn't eaten her breakfast; then she'd practice and practice longer than anybody." And Ed Temple: "She don't eat. And when she does, it's junk—hamburgers and pop." She was too ill to run at all during the 1958 season, and in the 1959 meet with Russia in Philadelphia she badly pulled a muscle in her left thigh.

This last year it has been Skeeter's tonsils. She finally had them out this spring and was good and sick subsequently. They took her to the hospital at Meharry (the Tennessee State University infirmary being like all college infirmaries everywhere—"When they put a hot water bottle on your appendixitis you know they need to go someplace and sit down!"), and ex-beau Joe Forest would come back from a visit, fretting to her friend

Squirt Saunders, "She won't eat or take her pills or anything." She was up, though, for the Olympics. Now, rested from her bout with the mechanics of glory, she is something to see—and she can be seen clear across the campus, even if she's only having a conversation with a friend. Half her talking time is spent off the ground: she leaps around her vis-à-vis like a pappy, pounding and clatching, and uttering occasional whoops which carry falsely to the transfixed, uninitiated observer.

Skeeter will not say whether she plans to marry Ray Norton, her opposite number on the U.S. men's team, but she does say that she plans to be married within a year. There has been a warm friendship for longer than the press seems to realize: when Skeeter pulled up lame in Philadelphia it

continued

THE QUEEN OF THE TRACK DISPLAYS OLYMPIC GROWN JEWELS TO COACH TEMPLE. ONE GOLD MEDAL ON HER NECK, TWO IN HER HANDS





TENNESSEE STARS BOSTON AND RUDOLPH CHAT ON CAMPUS ABOUT THEIR BIG SUMMER

WUMA AND ED continued

was Ray who comforted her amidst the cracked ice, and at the Pan American games in Chicago it was Ray who came asking Temple, "May I take Skeeter to the movies?" "He's a real gentleman, a fine boy," Temple says. "If she decides to marry him, I wouldn't put anything in her way."

Skeeter, home with her family, seeing her friends, answering Ray Norton's letters, is utterly unidentified as "Little Miss Queen of All the World." This is the girl, though, of whom Temple said, not so much for the broken records it meant as for the exhausting later tour. "She's done more for her country than what the United States could pay her fee."

"But she couldn't have done it alone," he adds. "She's had tremendous competition, the three fastest girls in the country. Take Jones. She ran a world record 16.3 hundred yards at Randall's Island in 1955, although it wasn't official because she ran it against a girl with a handicap. She didn't have an handicap, but she ran with someone out in front. Jones would sometimes beat Rudolph, Williams beat Rudolph, even Hudson was competition right up to the last 25 yards when her little legs give out. Every time trial we had was like a track meet. Rudolph ran the hundred meters in 11.1 in a time trial because of that competition. Without it she wouldn't have won so three gold medals."

This unity and teamwork are Tem-

ple's passion. He has instituted a summer clinic so that he can begin work with his girls, and they can begin work with each other, while they are still in the 10th grade in high school. Rudolph, Williams and Hudson, Temple reminds the listener, had been worked together since 1955: last summer's matchless relay team was no stray bit of good fortune. "I want the girls all at once. Jones comes down, warm up. Hudson come, she have to warm up. If I got to fool with Rudolph, what is Jones going to do? We all got to do the same thing, and keep right together." This means among other things getting to practice on time, about which Temple is a bear. "I make the girls run a extra lap for every minute they're late. Time for practice, they come out, I tell you, T-shirt half on, one shoe off, but they get there. Rudolph even slept 9 o'clock practice one day a whole half hour. The alarm clock don't go off, and at 9:30 she and the manager of the team up there asleep. I sat down there at the track with a watch in my hand, and I gave them 30 laps. Rudolph, disoriented around in pretty good style, but it like to kill that girl Shirley. Next day they sat there sittin' at 8:30. I don't like to come down on accidents, but you let one go, another one is going to come up, and pretty soon everything is going to be disrupted altogether."

Temple runs his seniors against each other and against the juniors, with and without handicaps. It gives

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WILMA AND ED continued

the girls earning an experience and prize in their early competitions—nothing that turns up for a junior Tigerbelle is going to rattle her when she has run against Wilma Rudolph. And it keeps a Wilma Rudolph awake because "these young girls is hungry." Both divisions run cross-country, up and down hill, and both go through the same daily calisthenics.

Before the Olympics, Temple had the team out running at 5 in the morning, at 9 in the morning and at 2 in the afternoon, to prepare them for a range of temperature. It was a useful preparation. On the post-Olympic tour they ran in Athens, London, Amsterdam, Cologne, Wuppertal, Frankfurt and Berlin. They ran in rain and cold, sometimes sick from strange food, often on four hours' sleep. They ran against teams which had been resting at home, in meets scheduled for the day their plane came in. "We keep running and we keep winning. I don't know how," Temple wrote to Charlie B. In Cologne the girls ran against the team which had been their closest competition in the Olympics. The Germans were rested and waiting, and so confident that they had scheduled the relay first, to get on with their

triumph. "Ed, we're going to lose this one," Team Manager Frances Kaszubski said. "What are we going to do?"

"I got the girls together," Temple says, "and I told them, 'We've got nothing to gain and everything to lose. But you are the champions.' And Hudson got off those starting blocks, and we beat them worse than we did in Rome."

Tennessee State is not this good because it is geographically located in some pocket of natural track talent. It is this good because of Ed Temple. Graduate Tigerbelle Margaret Matthews, for example, broad-jumped for several years with a Chicago club—and the Chicago clubs, strongly supported as they are by Mayor Daley's youth foundation, are excellent—without registering a single AAU mark. With Temple she became the first woman in the U.S. to jump 20 feet, and in the same meet won the 100 meters and anchored the winning 440 relay team.

Rome was Temple's fourth straight appointment as coach of the American women's team (no other coach has been appointed for four consecutive international meets). Besides holding world and Olympic records, his girls have not lost an AAU Na-

rona and



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WILMA AND ED continued

tional meet since 1964. The State Department has asked him to go to Ghana, giving him his choice of a six-month, one-year, two-year or four-year term and, thoughtful about U.S. showings in Rome, reportedly has a considerable interest in his coaching methods.

One might think all this would gladden the heart of Tennessee State. It does, but only to a point. Tennessee is a school where everyone has too much to do, but even by their standards Ed Temple has been working uphill. He conducts two sociology classes six days a week, with attendant planning, test-giving and counseling. He is not paid for his coaching or for the job of running the Tennessee State University post office, and he virtually does not have a track. The TSU track is an oval ribbon of dirt, unmarked and un surfaced. Skelter knows it from more than just running. Before the Olympics, Temple got her and the girls out at dawn to

line it and himself paid to have it done when the Games got too close and pressure became too great. "He goes down there with a shovel and a rake," Charlie B. says, "and works on it. Then the football team comes out with those cleats—'They've been on it again,' he'll come home and say. One day he went down and somebody was trotting a horse around it. I've never seen him so mad." The track is located rectly by the pigs maintained by the agriculture contingent of Tennessee A&I. "You ought to be down here when the temperature is 105°," Temple says morosely. "Between the rocks on the track and them pigs, let me tell you, it is rough around here."

The university gives Temple almost no help in getting the team to and from meets. Until Rome, Wilma and the girls had never flown anywhere, and had traveled only once in a train. Temple drove them in his own car, and still does. There is no money for stopovers, and the salutary effects of nonstop automobile trips to New York, to Texas or Ohio



COACH EDWARD TEMPLE SURVEYS HIS NEW CROP OF RUNNERS RANGED ON THE BENCH

on a careful of long-legged girls are probably negligible.

Mrs. Temple, Charlie B., a charming woman of dry wit and infinite amiability, helps her husband in every way she can. She and Ed Temple met in physiology class their senior year at Tennessee ("She was settin' on an A—I made it my business to meet her") and married right after school, in 1930. Completion of her thesis for her master's in biology has receded into the dim future; she and Ed have little time for anything but the present. They get up at 6, distribute Edwina and Bernard, and on an average Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday Temple goes to teach his 8 o'clock and his 9 o'clock classes, then back to the post office until 4, and to track practice every day but Sunday. This year he had to have the full legal responsibility for the post office signed over to Charlie B. to enable him to leave for the Olympics, and he points out that she has not had even the two weeks' vacation called for by

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WILMA AND ED continued

the State of Tennessee for five years. Temple himself has not had a vacation for six. "I ask the president, he say, 'But Temple, you've just come back from a trip to Russia!' I ask for a raise, he say, 'Temple, you're young.' I told him, 'Listen, Mr. President, when I go through the supermarket, that cash register register just the same as for a person 90 years old.' I went in once and asked if I could have just two jobs, and I thought he like to have died."

A friend said to this, "Well, Temp, you got to be dedicated."

"Yeah, well," said Temple darkly, "there's such a thing as running dedication into a hole."

[A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. An administration which has known Temple since he was a freshman is still inclined to think of him as "Little Eddie" rather than as the internationally renowned Olympic coach Edward S. Temple.]

Temple and his team

Thirty-three-year-old Ed Temple resembles a gentle bull. When he is forced to have his picture taken the resulting print is likely to betray a slight feeling of self-consciousness at war with a natural directness. The same conflict is apparent when he speaks publicly. He speaks bluntly but with a controlled stammer that reminds one of the self-consciousness that haunts his pictures—self-consciousness at being in front of people at all. The only thing that will get him into either of these positions is his devotion to his girls. He will have his picture taken if it will get his girls into the paper; he will get on a platform to speak if he can speak about his girls. His fine runners who were never recognized are the subject of his speeches—Faggs and Daniels, Matthews and Thompson and White—the names roll out again and again, and the three members of this year's relay team who are not Wilma Rudolph are doggedly recalled to his listeners. He cherishes his girls as if each were his child and his Stradivarius. On the post-Olympic trip he was too busy bullying people into hurrying their meals to eat his own: in Detroit he got up and left his lunch to buy pills for an ailing Lucinda. Next day, a sharp look at Sloceter ("What's

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WILMA AND ED continued

the matter with you?" "My stomach hurts!" sent him to phone the hotel for a doctor. He held watches on press conferences because the girls had to rest but was undisturbed when they went to the movies instead. "I know these girls, I know them. I can look down that table, and I know when one of them's sick, she don't have to tell me. But I don't get too close. Girls are different. You pay too much attention to one, they get jealous. I just usually go right around, talk to them five minutes each, right around the table."

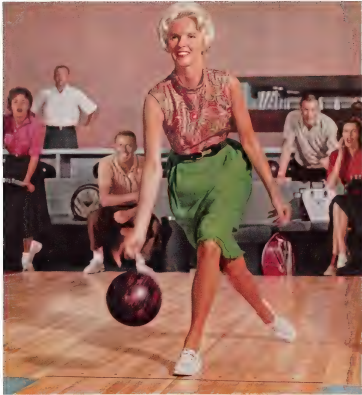
The girls, for their part, obey him without question—though volatile Barbara Jones may balk. "Jones is at it again," Temple will come home and tell Charlie B., to whom the girls may bring their grievances. "Some days she isn't speaking to him," Charlie B. grins. "She's out there running, but they aren't speaking." The rule, however, is enthusiastic submission.

Skeeter and all of Temple's juniors will go with him next year should he accept "a very attractive offer" made him by Grambling, Louisiana (where presumably he will not have to run the post office), and Skeeter wants to go with him if he decides to go to Ghana. Temple discourages this. It would be better, he thinks, for her to finish her schooling.

A few years ago Ed Temple bought, at his own expense, a movie camera and a projector, to make training films and records of the meets. There is a film upon which he was recording the broad-jumping in a meet in Cleveland. Another photographer was right down in the pit—close, since the girls were jumping 16 feet—and when Temple's Willye B. White jumped 19 feet she had to twist in mid-air to avoid spiking the man. She badly hurt her ankle. So on this film there is a record of the beginning of White's fine jump, and then blue sky, just a succession of clouds across the sky as the camera went right on shooting where Ed Temple dropped it.

And there is another film, taken of the tour after a meet in Russia, which is double exposed. "I got all excited," Temple says. Both sequences are clear—Russian churches superimposed upon the Russian track, Athens upon Budapest, and it seemed just like Ed Temple to be getting two films' worth out of one.

ENR



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casinos now flourish at Cannes, Antibes, Nice and lesser resorts. The idle rich are scarce in these times. The income tax has cut deep into the ability of sporting gentlemen to bank the baccarat table. And there has been a shrinkage in the world supply of royalty, once a steady customer.

No longer do Russian grand dukes arrive at Monaco with trunks full of golden louis to be used as chips. The louis itself has disappeared, and long gone with it and the dukes are games

like whist, piquet, boston and hearts. Now there are craps and slot machines. The royal punter is seen less. The movie producer is seen more.

But the casino's old glamour still waits an enticement to the world. Las Vegas is bigger, more exciting, noisier, more crowded. Even so, the fading but well-kept appointments of Monte Carlo, the polite murmur of the bellman, the modulated chant of the croupiers, the magnificent setting of amethyst sea shining at the edge of the Maritime Alps, the memory of old ways that cannot return

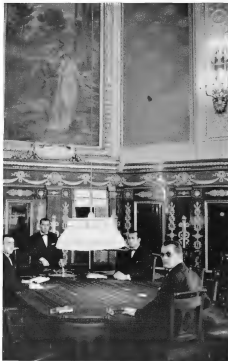
these create a gentle mood in which it is a pleasure to lose a little.

Part of the charm of the old place lies in its legends, most of which are apocryphal. It is not true that the Monaco suicide rate is excessive. It is not true that the casino's profits are so huge that Monegasque residents need pay no income tax. They do not pay income tax, but these days the casino represents only 16%, if that, of the little principality's economy. It is true that a wise government does not let Monegasque citizens, except employees, even enter the casino, let alone gamble there. (They gamble at Nice, only 20 miles away, or at Menton, even nearer.)

It is not true that the casino will sympathetically stake a bankrupt to his bare bones, that the number of the first hymn sung at the English Chapel will be a sure winner at Sunday roulette or that a little band of modest system players regularly take away small sums from the casino after daily sessions against the wheel.

The casino always wins

What is dependably and fundamentally and always true is that the casino itself has an infallible system for winning at games of chance. It is owned by the Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers à Monaco, a mouthful of a name that was chosen because it seemed more decorous a century ago to proclaim Monte Carlo as a place where one might take a bath in the sea rather than at *chemin de fer*. The company does not disclose its gambling profits. Too discouraging, perhaps. It lumps them discreetly with profits and losses on its other properties—the *de luxe* Hôtel de Paris and associated fine hosteries and restaurants, the golf, tennis and beach clubs, the new bowling alley and the Sporting Club. The latter is a casino with a reputation for swank because, unlike the original casino, only men in dinner jackets and women in evening gowns are admitted on gala nights. The old casino's big public room, known as "the kitchen" to distinguish it from the private rooms, bans only shirt-sleeved men wearing suspenders. Shirt-sleeves and belts are permissible. Women may wear shorts,



DECOROUS CROUPIERS, well schooled in their trade, await the day's first roulette punters in ornate casino gaming room.

and some few do. In the private rooms more suitable dress is required.

Sometimes, depending on world trends and other unpredictable factors, the Société as a whole will have a losing year (the last was in 1948), but the casino always pays its way. In fiscal 1960, which ended March 31, the Société reported that it had made 2 million new francs (a little over \$400,000), and by recent standards that was not too bad a year. The Société is not a seasonally profitable enterprise. Just steady. If it did not have to support some losing attractions, like golf and concerts, it would do much better.

There is a deliberate avoidance of the sensational at Monte Carlo. Even the 110 slot machines, installed blushing to satiate hordes of non-punting tourists who troop and gawk through the gaming rooms several times a day, are painted a dull aluminum, by no means reminiscent of the gaudy corals and magenta of Las Vegas. The slots take a one-franc piece (20¢), the smallest bet you can make at the casino, and they take it with voracious monotony.

Just as the slot machines are drab, the casino pace is slow. The roulette croupier spins his wheel about 50 times an hour, little more than half the speed of a Las Vegas wheelman. Action at the lone craps table proceeds with such deliberate speed that Americans, accustomed to a far faster game, become impatient. Except at a season's height, the table operates for only a few hours a night, generally between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. Perhaps because of the slow and unexciting pace, wagers on the dice are moderate. An innovation of 1949, intended to attract Americans, craps is mostly a curiosity for Europeans.

The casino day begins at 9 a.m., one hour before the public is admitted. Down in the casino basement the vaults are unlocked and money and chips brought up to the cashiers' windows and the gaming tables. One of the chip vaults, a tall (6 feet 6 inches) strong box, holds a million dollars' worth of chips in wooden trays. There are 11 kinds of chips, ranging in value from 5 francs (about \$1) to 20,000 (about \$4,000). The big chip, green and iridescent, is not used in ordi-

nary play because the maximum bet, with one exception, is 10,000 francs. Chips worth 500 francs and above are oblong and referred to as *playes*. The round chips are called *jetons*. The 20,000-franc chip comes in handy for passing change to big winners.

More chips and the casino's money reserve are kept in other vaults. The casino deals in currencies of all nations except those behind the Iron Curtain. No one will tell you how much money is stored at the casino, but every day or so, depending on how business has been, guards trans-

port some \$6,000 francs to the nearby bank. The sum is by no means net profit. There are payrolls, upkeep and other administrative expenses.

On the payroll are 230 croupiers employed at roulette, craps and *treize et quatorze*. Another 50 work barcarat tables. There are 20 cashiers. A staff of charwomen and porters numbers close to 200. Forty interior guards and 15 secret service men, including professional physiognomists with nearly infallible memories for the faces of crooks, are kept busy.

Continued



BRIGHT ENTRANCE to the Monte Carlo Casino beckons gamblers and, at the same time, advertises golf and other diversions.

From time to time crooks do attempt to beat the casino. The last serious try was made in 1966 by three Americans. They brought to Monte Carlo 84 pairs of crooked dice, counterfeited the casino cubes, and quickly won \$8,739, a profit that was merely apparent. Actually, at this point they were \$28,250 in the hole because one year previous they had dropped \$15,060 in an eventually successful effort to steal one of the casino dice to be counterfeited.

In an ordinary game dice-switching is a simple sleight, but under the eyes of an experienced croupier it is not as simple. The casino dice, furthermore, are changed every half hour, or whenever the croupier feels intuitively like changing them, or when a secret service man signals that a change would be advisable. On this occasion, one of the secret service men thought that the three crooks, though winning, were oddly nervous. He ordered a change of dice, and one of the crooks tremulously passed the croupier a pair of loaded dice instead of the casino's own cubes. The three then left hurriedly. They were caught that evening at Nice, trying to book passage to America, and were sentenced to terms in the Monaco jail.

Telling the tale, M. Paul-C. Roux of the casino's Direction des Jeux staff, pointed out the futility of the attempt.

"All the tricks are well known," he said, "and we observe for them."

The casino also protects itself against attempts to counterfeit its chips. The chips are prettily made of translucent plastic. When they are held to the light an intricately distinctive design is seen. In addition, they are checked from time to time in a machine that rejects a counterfeit.

A defective roulette wheel could cost the casino money, too, since any system player would be quick to note the pattern of an out-of-true wheel, with its tendency to stop frequently in a certain quarter. So in the casino basement there is an atelier where eight craftsmen make and repair roulette wheels so finely constructed that they are expected to last at least 10 years and may go as long as 50, with only their moving parts replaced from time to time. "They are the world's finest wheels," said M. Roux.

The casino also makes its own rakes

for the croupiers, each with a handle as sensitive as a good fishing rod. The ivory balls, shaped to a tolerance of 1/100 of a millimeter, are obtained in Paris. The green table covers, made in the north of France, are of extremely durable material but, even so, a given cover will last only about six months. They are hand-printed in the atelier, in designs suited for the various games, by a process which is the secret of the casino.

The casino's cards, specially made, are burned after every game. The dice, bought in Las Vegas, are burned every three to six months.

Every four years or so, when need

standard phrases: "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux!*" and "*Les jeux sont faits, rien ne va plus!*" with a certain elegance. They must address the players as "*Messieurs*" even if only ladies are at the table. It is a tradition, dating from a day when only men and croupiers were seen at gaming tables.

After six or eight months of schooling, during which the students learn to pick up all losing bets with a single movement of the rake and, indeed, to do everything with deftness, they are given a second medical examination. Those who pass are assigned to a quiet table where they work under the eyes of experts trained to watch for signs



SUPERSTITIOUS GAMBLERS rub statue of Louis XIV in Hôtel de Paris lobby for luck. Knees of bronze horse has been buffed to high polish by hopeful bettor's hands.

becomes apparent, the casino conducts a school for croupiers. An effort is made to draw croupiers from other casino employees who have been employed there at least two years, but the requirements are so strict that the company is forced to hire French, Belgian and Italian croupiers, too. Candidates are given physical and psychological examinations testing such qualities as dexterity, memory, poise under pressure and ability in mental arithmetic. A special security check is made for integrity and extends to the applicant's family.

Once accepted, students are taught the professional jargon (a roulette wheel is a "cylinder") and to utter the

of the young croupier's worst enemy: stage fright. The strain of a game is great; concentration is intense. Once in a while a rookie croupier may even faint.

The croupier is paid a salary of \$160 to \$140 a month, depending on his seniority and position, but experts to take in at least three times as much in tips from lucky players. The tip is dropped into a table slot known to the roulette fancy as No. 37. Seventy percent of this take goes to the croupiers (until a few years ago it was 50%) and 30% to other personnel.

The croupier works a six-hour day. At the end of his first three-hour shift he takes a 25-minute rest, but if the

head croupier catches him in a mistake he may be ordered from the table for additional rest. At age 60 or 65 he retires on a pension.

During quiet periods the croupiers chat with each other in the Monegasque patois, a blend of French, Genoese and Spanish. They have their little private jokes. The devotees who open the casinos each morning at 10 o'clock are known as "the resistance movement." Members of the resistance are mostly women, mostly English and mostly very conservative bettors. Almost all play a system, waiting interminably for the right moment to place a bet. The casino does not profit greatly from them, and there is even a legend, founded on the fact that some members of the resistance have been playing daily for years, that they actually make small sums of money at the wheel.

"It is impossible for them to win," M. Roux insisted. "The wheel always wins in the long run."

Losses & Wins

Those people do lose, but not very much. They are mostly retired persons reliving days of prosperity when they could gamble heavily. For this pleasure, they are content to lose a trifle.

Most modern bettors are Italian and French, for reasons of geography. The big wagering seems to be done by Latin Americans. North Americans are beginning to turn up more frequently, a trend that began with Grace Kelly's marriage to Prince Rainier III.

The system players seem to be more numerous at Monte Carlo than at Las Vegas or in pre-Castro Havana. The slower rhythm of the Monte Carlo games gives time for record-keeping and consultation. The systems are countless; some are even plausible.

The conviction that games of chance can be beaten by systems is old and ineradicable. Scores of books have been written to recommend countless systems, but none of them works, a fact on which we have the testimony of such disparate personalities as Sir Hiram Maxim and Dostoevski. Maxim fired a burst of mathematics at the system players, and Dostoevski summed it up with the observation that the roulette wheel has no memory and so will be unimpressed by the fact that a color,

continued

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or anything else, has turned up a disproportionate number of times.

Favorite among the systems are the various martingales, which are basically guides to the amount to bet. In horse-racing a martingale is a device to hold down a horse's head and prevent him from rearing. In gambling it is supposed to keep you from being thrown flat on your equity. A favorite martingale is "doubling up," which means simply that when you lose you double your next bet. There are many variations.

For instance, the father of Jerry Cooke, who did the photographs for this article, was a student of roulette who played with dedication. He wrote a book, translated into several languages, to reveal the many ingenious ways by which roulette can be beaten. The book made money, but Mr. Cooke did not.

His favorite system was simple: wait until red or black comes up seven times in a row, then bet the opposite color, doubling if you lose. If you double long enough you win one chip.

The system is both tedious and unprofitable. It requires that you start play with a meager bet and continue with unlimited resources. Sooner or later, in all doubling systems, a streak comes along that wipes you out, and this is made even more certain by the fact that the table has a limit on how much you can bet. There comes a time when the casino won't let you double any more.

For sentimentality's sake, Jerry and I tried his father's system one night and eventually doubled our investment, though it took an interminable while for the seven reds to come up. Bored, we abandoned the system and lost our small stakes.

On another evening, just casually studying the play of a wheel, I saw black come up 12 times in a row, and that is no record. (At Monte Carlo, the croupiers say, the record is 37.) This meant that if I had been playing the Cooke Sr. system I would have had to put up 32 chips on the 13th play in order to win a single chip. On the 14th play I would have had to put up 64 chips, and so on, until the casino's limit for the table was reached.

Monte Carlo gives the roulette player some breaks he does not enjoy at Las Vegas. At Las Vegas everybody loses on a zero or double zero.

At Monte Carlo there is no double zero, and not everyone loses on zero; those who bet on an even chance, such as red or black, odd or even, have the choice of taking half their bet back and losing half, or of leaving it all on for the next spin. Then, if they win, they get all their bet back. If they lose, they lose.

In terms of money wagered on a single hazard, the big game at Monte Carlo is *banque à tout ou rien* (the bank where anything goes). It is a hazardous game not banked by the casino but by private individuals who pay for the privilege, and so the casino's maximums do not apply. At the season's peak it is not altogether unusual to



PROUDEN CROUPIERS keep the casino's fine roulette wheels spinning true.

see \$100,000 riding on a single play. And at least no one does have a chance, anywhere else at Monte Carlo today, to break the bank.

The mostousing bust of a Riviera lost to bank occurred three years ago, not at Monte Carlo but at the Palm Beach Casino in Cannes. In the end Monte Carlo won.

Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck were the original victims. Warner hit the lost to bank for \$90,000, and Zanuck for half that much. Other players, following along with the Hollywood luck, forced the bank out of action when its total losses came to \$700,000.

Next day Zanuck lit out for Japan, his winnings safely with him. Two days later Warner drove to Monte Carlo and tried the same game at the casino. The casino took the \$80,000 in a single night's play.

END

Revival of an old ruckus

In the midst of a banner season for major shows, two rival humane organizations battled behind scenes at the National

THIS has been a season of plenty for horse shows, with most of the major fixtures on the tight fall circuit boasting more horses and spectators than ever before. Kansas City's American Royal (now in its 62nd year) attracted full houses every one of its nine days. The Royal had a record 1,200 horses and ponies entered, and New York's National (now in its 11th year) had more horses than places to put them. Even the struggling young Washington, D.C. event drew its largest audience to a considerably improved show. The only major show that suffered a decline in attendance and prestige was the Pennsylvania National in Harrisburg.

At New York's National in Madison Square Garden, it was no surprise that the U.S. Equestrian Team dominated the international jumping events, the featured division of the show. Fresh from their silver-medal triumph in Rome, the Americans also won championships at the Pennsylvania National and Washington International shows that preceded New York. But their gala mood, though not their winning streak, was ended when Trail Guide, the only horse owned by the team (the others are leased) was killed while jumping off for first place.

Ideally, it would have been the last show for the 21-year-old gelding. The USET had planned to retire the veteran campaigner with ceremony at the National, but American horse show rules forbid a formal retirement to be held at a show in which the horse is also competing. Trail Guide, who had been the top International horse at Harrisburg, who had not knocked down a fence during the six days of Washington, who had been the low-scoring American horse

at both the 1966 and 1969 Olympics, was needed by the team. So retirement was postponed.

With Rider Frank Chapot aboard, Trail Guide won the Garden's opening event. Then, later in the week, he tied for first place with three other horses for the Good Will Challenge Trophy. The fences were raised and the jump-off began. The U.S.'s George Morris on High Noon was clean, and so was Canada's Tom Gayford on Blue Beau. But the chunky Canadian

horse could not better High Noon's time. The Venezuelan horse (third in the tie) knocked down two fences, so Trail Guide had to have both a clean and fast round to win. He cleared the first two fences without fault but at the third, a double-clear, he tripped on a rail, fell and never moved again. Chapot scrambled to his feet, unhurt, but Trail Guide's neck was broken.

Behind the scenes of the National there was trouble of another kind. The Vivisection Investigation League had a summons served on the assistant secretary of the National Horse Show Association, 62-year-old Bert

continued



CLEARING TARGET BARRIER. Eviden Wonder, ridden by Al Fieri, wins jumper class in New York. He holds record number of National Horse Show jumping titles.

Diagram. The charge: allowing horses with set tails to be shown. Later, Trainer Frank Bradshaw and Dodge Stables Manager Earl Teaser were picked out of all the 50-plus saddle horse exhibitors to be handed similar papers. In reviving this old law, which had been ignored as pointless for nearly 30 years, the league obviously was less interested in equine welfare than in embarrassing a rival humane organization, the ASPCA, which polices the show. The antivivisectionists already have one case pending against the ASPCA—they are trying to compel the ASPCA to change its name, claiming that an organization that hands over surplus animals to laboratories for scientific research is fostering cruelty rather than preventing it. The summons was served on the show's second day, which was also the ASPCA benefit night, so the league's motives were transparent enough. As for Teaser and Bradshaw—well, most people do not receive as tender care as both of them lavish on their horses.

If any of the six Colonel Boyles in the Army or Air Force was on hand for Kansas City's American Royal show, he had the pleasant experience of hearing his own name mentioned with admiration and coupled with applause. But also for the good officers, the glory was earned by still another Colonel Boyle, one whose name appears on quite a different type of register. He is a 5-year-old chestnut stallion (named for the Kentucky county, Boyle, in which he was bred) and is the reigning sensation in the fine harness division, a field long dominated by The Lemon Drop Kid (SI, Nov. 11, 1957).

The exceptional Colonel, undefeated this year, added the Royal championship to his victory list and, as he left the ring, the vanquished included the old king, Leman himself, who has not died but who is just going away.

It was Lemon's last show for Sunnyslope Farms, a name he made famous in the horse show world. The 12-year-old gelding has a record unequaled by any fine harness horse. Four times he was world champion, and many felt he should be retired. In fact, Manager Irene Kane wanted to do just that, but Sunnyslope's owner, Mr. R. B. Christy, died last spring.

and did not leave a will. He did leave some 20-odd heirs and an estate reputed to be worth \$12 million. The heirs, not horsemen and more interested in cash than sentiment, decided to sell Lemon to the highest bidder at public auction last week, so the champion was back in the Royal's ring to prove he had some railroade left.

He had enough to persuade Mr. O. D. Wilmoth of Salina, Kans. to buy him for \$6,000. Trainer Jay Uta, who drove Lamon in his heyday but had to quit after a heart attack, is now well and willing to drive the horse, so the old familiar combination will be seen again in the show ring.

Lemon's sale brought out buyers of a sentimental nature—a Hawaiian admirer sent a long-distance request for his harness, another paid \$66 for a set of Lemon's old shoes, and still another purchased the horse's tail set to hang in his office as a memento.

The Royal's five-gaited stakes, the class that ends the nine-day show, was a horseman's dream come true for Trainer Lee Roby of Greentree Stables.

Greethill's Afne had won the gelding stake, and Daydream the mare stake. With two blue-ribbon winners Roby had to decide which one to ride in the championship event. Afne was a tested campaigner, but Daydream, a blonde-tailed chestnut mare, was iffy. Several years ago she had foundered and had been turned out as a brood mare. Roby bought the 7-year-old mare for the same purpose, but then, as she seemed over her unsoundness, he started working her again. This year, though often uneven in her performance, she has been a mild sensation.

So now Roby had to chase Stakes night came and Roby stall-walked, making up his mind. Both horses were groomed, tacked and ready to show. At the last moment Roby decided to give the mare her chance at the championship, and Daydream lived up to her name, working with class and purpose. On her way up to receive the victor's blanket of red roses, however, she started acting like something less than a dream horse. In a fit of pique, she would not accept the winner's roses, and wouldn't even perform the hesitating, lofty slow-gait which she can do so brilliantly. Possibly overcame by stage fright at her first major victory, she just wanted to get out and go home. ■■■

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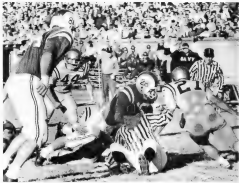
As Washington, Missouri, Arkansas and Utah State moved closer to their conference championships, Navy lost its first game of the season. Duke got its goal, too

THIS conference title is the carrot that dangles in front of every college football team. Last Saturday, Washington, Missouri, Arkansas and Utah State, as well as Minnesota (see page 19), won decisive games. They could almost taste the carrot.

Washington had an easy time, beating a bewildered Southern California team 34-9. Playing in a steady drizzle, Washington forced a Southern California fumble on the opening kickoff and moved to a quick touchdown. The Trojans managed to hold on to the next kickoff but were unable to move. Marlin McKeever dropped back to his own 34-yard line and punted. It was a high, twisting kick that came slithering down out of the rain into the arms of George Fleming, Washington's Rose Bowl hero. Fleming moved to his right, got a good block and tore loose from a would-be tackler at midfield and scored. The Trojans were through for the day, and Washington had probably clinched the AAUW and a second straight trip to the Rose Bowl.

Missouri, like Washington, all but secured its second straight invitation to a bowl—the Orange. But unlike Washington, Missouri had some pale moments before it finally beat Colorado 16-6 to maintain the Big Eight Conference lead. Colorado scored early on a long pass, then threatened to score again when Hallback Ed Coleman intercepted a Missouri pass. Trapping the Missouri guards, Colorado moved to the four-yard line. Then the Missouri defense, second-best in the nation against rushing, held fast, and Colorado was never again as close.

It still took several breaks, the kind that always seems to happen to teams in a winning streak, to bring the game safely under Missouri's command. On first downs from the Colo-



DUKE'S WRIGHT DRIVES FOR SCORE AS NAVY'S BELLING (21) RUSHES UP TOO LATE

rado ten, late in the first half, Hallback Mel West was thrown for a yard loss. But Colorado was penalized five yards for having 12 men on the field. Instead of second down and 11 yards to go, Missouri had first and five. Three plays later it scored to take the lead, 7-6. The rest was easy.

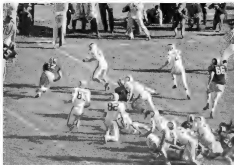
At Little Rock, Arkansas and Rice played 59 minutes and 35 seconds of scoreless football before Arkansas's fourth-string fullback, Mickey Cassell, who had kicked a field goal in the last 16 seconds to beat Texas 24-23, kicked a 26-yard field goal for a 3-0 win. The victory put Coach Frank Beamer's Razorbacks into the Southwest Conference lead. With only SMU and Texas Tech, two undernourished teams, remaining on the schedule, Arkansas should win.

As Arkansas moved downfield for the game-winning field goal, it faced one especially critical situation with two minutes left. The ball was on the Arkansas 46-yard line, third down and six to go. If Arkansas failed to make the first down, it would have to give up the ball. It was the right moment to come up with the special play, the play born on the blackboard early in the week.

Sophomore Billy Moore took the ball from center and rolled out. He ran to within two feet of the line of scrimmage, then flipped a pass to another sophomore, End Jim Collier, who was waiting untended in the flat. Collier got the first down, and Arkansas continued to victory.

After the game Moore was asked

continued



MISSOURI'S SMITH SWEEPS END FOR SCORE AS TEAMMATE TAYLOR THROWS BLOCK

COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

about the play. "You don't have to say anything about it," he said. "We made the play up in the huddle."

Utah State's win over Wyoming 17-13 ended the latter's two-year reign over the Skyline Conference and almost assures Utah State of its first undisputed title in 53 years.

Wyoming did not bow out meekly. In fact, it caused a year's worth of anxiety in the final minute of play, just after Dolph Camilli, son of the onetime Brooklyn Dodger first baseman, stole the ball away from Wyoming and helped State to a 17-6 lead.

But Wyoming's Dick Behning took the kickoff and ran it 97 yards for a touchdown. Wyoming then tried an on-side kick and recovered it. State's first team, which had tri-

FOOTBALL'S EIGHTH WEEK by MERVIN HYSAN

Bowl season, on the prowl for lark attractions for their possession games, were unhappy. One by one, the unbeaten teams fell. Navy, Iowa and Tennessee were the latest to go down, leaving Missouri (5-0), Utah State (3-0), Minnesota (7-0), Yale (7-0) and New Mexico State (7-0) as the nation's only unbeaten and untied major college teams.

THE EAST

Things weren't going quite as expected among the East's major independents. For one thing, Syracuse was hardly the terrifying power it was supposed to be. First Pitt and now Army (see page 22) proved the guessing. Outlanders were more moribund. After seven weeks of success, Navy met its match in Duke. Penn State matched Maryland's multiple offense with a well-directed attack of its own and ran over the improving Terps 28-3. Boston College finally found someone it could beat and outscored Villanova 28-6. Holy Cross turned the game over in its sophomore, and they responded nobly to carry the Crusaders past Dayton 34-6.

Yale moved easily, Princeton with difficulty toward last Saturday's Ivy League showdown. The unbeaten Eli shock loose halfbacks, Ken Waller and Lou Mulder for long touchdown runs in the first half and reaped over Penn 34-3. Princeton almost found its equal in stubborn Harvard, needed two successful placement kicks by Sophomore Dave Gouldin to turn back the Crimson 24-12. Dartmouth defeated Columbia 22-6; Brown surprised Cornell 7-6.

Elsewhere, Rutgers trounced Lafayette

35-6 to move closer to the Middle Atlantic championship; Berkeley held off Calgate 12-0; Princeton Warner-Den Cavall threw three touchdown passes, brought his total for the year to 16 on the Seminoles beat Hamilton 26-8. The top three:

1. NAVY (7-0)
2. PITT (6-0-1)
3. ARMY (6-0)

THE MIDDLE

Minnesota, ranked first in the Big Ten after its outstanding 27-10 victory over Iowa (see page 16), was not yet rid of third-place Ohio State. The Buckeyes were very much in the fight after crushing Indiana 30-7 with their blood-greasing attack and savvy defense. Ohio State piled up 233 yards rushing, 117 passing (including three touchdown pitches by Quarterback Tom Matte) and 29 first downs, held Indiana to two yards on the ground and only four first downs.

The brothers Elliott met each other as coaches for the first time at Ann Arbor, and Michigan's Bang had a few surprises ready for Illinois' Pete. When Pete expected Michigan to punt, with seven yards to go on fourth down, Quarterback Dave Glicka punted for a first down, and the Wolverines went on to score the tying touchdown. Then, despite Mother Elliott's prognostic ("I'm going to wear dark glasses, just all there very quiet, and hope for a tie"), Bang had Glicka lob a pass to Danny Fitzgerald for two points and a Michigan victory 8-7.

A pair of third-string fullbacks, Purdue's Ray Walker and Michigan State's George Salmer, were the life of the party

at Lafayette. Walker, who had never before carried the ball in a Big Ten game, took over for injured Willie Jones in the first quarter, hauled over for both of Purdue's touchdowns. In the fourth quarter Salmer came on to do the heavy duty plunging in a 60-yard drive, set up Quarterback Tom Wilson's one-yard scoring plunge as the Spartans beat the Buffaloes 15-13. Northwestern finally made the best overall defense in the Big Ten pay off. Quarterback Dick Thompson and Fullback Mike Stock buttressed the big Wisconsin line, led the Wildcats to a 21-8 victory.

Oklahoma's collapse as the Big Eight's powerful leader was almost complete. As Missouri moved closer to the title with a solid win over Colorado and outscored Kansas 34 over Nebraska 31-0, the faltering Sooners lost to Iowa State 10-6, the first time that had happened since 1921. The Cyclones gave up a first-half touchdown, then gamely outgated the heavier Sooners in the line, hooked up with Larry Schweiber's 35-yard field goal and won the game on Fullback Tom Watkins' one-yard touchdown.

Nebraska Coach Joe Kuharich, who had wondered aloud, "What will happen to a little 160-pound halfback like Angelo Dahlberg if that big (220-pound) Mike Dika of Pitt comes bearing down on him as a pass receiver?", had only to wait three plays to find out. Dika caught Quarterback Ed Sneed's man on the Irish 37-yard line, stiff-armed and wrestled Dahlberg for 24 yards to the Notre Dame eight. Four plays later, Patterson and was off to a 23-13 victory and Notre Dame's "commitment to es-

unphantly left the field shortly before, hurried back and managed to hold on until the final gun.

If Navy had its own way, the final gun would have sounded after the first half of its own game with Duke, for Navy was leading 19-0. As it was, Duke came back strong to win 19-10, handing Navy its first loss of the season. Navy belongs to no conference, so the defeat cost them no title, merely prestige, a few notches on the national rankings (they were third in the U.F.I. ranking) and perhaps a trip to a bowl.

Early in the week Navy's brilliant Joe Bellino received a wager of shaved heads from eight Duke students that he would not score three touchdowns against Duke. Bellino wrote the students a note: "I am sorry to say that I will not be able to

accept your bet. You see, this week I am going to be used as a decoy and will carry the ball only three times." Then he added a postscript: "I would appreciate it if you keep the enclosed a secret until after the game."

As the game approached, the student play got rougher. Friday night some Duke freshmen stole the Navy goat, sheared a big D on its back and painted it blue. The next day, as 700 midshipmen waited at the stadium tunnel entrance for Navy to appear, the Duke freshmen brought the goat in. When a few midshipmen tried to take him back, there were brief fistfuffs. The mood of the game had been set.

It was rough but clean. "These Duke men really hit hard," said Bellino afterward. Bellino, of course, was not used as a decoy, but neither did

he score, the first time he was shut out this season. In the first half Navy recovered three Duke fumbles that helped them score their 10 points. In the second half Duke recovered three Navy fumbles, which helped them to 19 points and the victory.

Navy's defeat may create a problem for the Lambert Trophy committee. The Lambert Trophy each year goes to the strongest team in the East. At one time this season that team seemed to be Syracuse, but when its winning streak was stopped, Navy became the likely winner. Now Navy has lost. Pittsburgh, which beat Syracuse, has two losses. So does Army, which also beat Syracuse last week. Perhaps the trophy will go to Yale. Yale, it should be noted, is still undefeated. No other team in the East can make that statement.

effort" program was mixed in its sixth straight loss.

Ohio U. and Bowling Green, which meet this week for the Mid-American title, were still unbeaten as Ohio U. took Miami 19-0 and Bowling Green whipped Southern Illinois 27-6. The top three:

1. BIRMINGHAM (7-0)
2. BIRMINGHAM (6-0)
3. OHIO (5-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

Ruck is 1941, as the story goes, Texas students took the advice of Madame Hippie, an Austin fortune teller, burned red candles for a week and then beat old enemy Texas A&M 23-0. All last week the red candles glowed brightly as the Texas campus as the Longhorns tried desperately to put a hex on favored Baylor. Saturday afternoon the bewitching powers worked. While Baylor fumbled and bumbled, scuttled-legged Texas Halfback Jim Baxter, who chases jack rabbits for kicks, ran like one himself. He caught a 36-yard pass from Quarterback Mike Cotten to set up a two-yard touchdown plunge by Halfback David Russell, later-printed 59 yards to put the Longhorns into position for another short scoring burst by Fullback John Cook. The score: Madame Hippie's red candles 12, Baylor 7.

Athletes, unaware of the magical power of red candles, played its usual solid game to upset Rice 3-0, gave Texas, idle TCU and Baylor, too, a mathematical chance for at least a share of the Southwest Conference championship. But Texas A&M and SMU couldn't have scored less as they flogged each other for 60 minutes, finished in a scoreless tie. Texas



NEW FACES: Georgia Tech Halfback Billy Williamson (left) returned kickoff 33 yards to beat Tennessee 14-7; Michigan State Fullback George Sainnes gained 48 yards in winning touchdown drive, then intercepted pass to squelch Purdue.

Terb's Glen Anderson, shocked Texas with a touchdown pass on the first play from scrimmage, threw two more to help the Red Raiders upset the Gators Waco 35-21.

Baylor Conference leader New Mexico State rested, but Arkansas State's Nolan Jones ran 29 yards for a touchdown, kicked a 33-yard field goal and threw extra points as the Sun Devils tapped Texas Western 24-0. The top three:

1. ARKANSAS (4-1)
2. SMU (3-1)
3. TEXAS (3-0)

THE SOUTH

It was a thoroughly enjoyable Saturday for Mississippi. While the Rebels wrecked Chattanooga 45-6, Georgia Tech operated to keep Ole Miss all alone at the top of the Southeastern Conference. The impulsive Jackets, perhaps inspired by the largest home crowd ever (43,072),

wrapped up unbeaten-but tied Tennessee's single wing is a delectable defense, got a surprise pickup from stubby Billy Williamson's 20-yard kickoff return, upset the Vols 14-7. Coach Bobby Dodd, himself an old Tennessee All-America, was jubilant but repentant: "When the boys play like that, I'm sorry I ever say a cross word to them."

But Auburn and Florida were still breathing uncomfortably down Mississippi's neck. The Tigers got a thoroughly professional performance from Fullback Ed Dyas, a 18-year-old premed senior who kicked his way into the record books with two field goals from 21 and 32 yards, and belted their way past Mississippi State 27-12. Irrepressible Florida pounced on Georgia for two touchdowns in 27 plays before the Bulldogs could run even one, built up a 23-0 lead by the third quarter and won 23-14. Gator Quarterbacks Larry Liberator and Bobby Dodd Jr. performed their slights of hand behind the line, and Junior Fullback Don Goodman provided the power and two touchdowns through the soft Georgia middle.

Duke's victory over Navy was the biggest news in the Atlantic Coast Conference, but North Carolina State was satisfied with its close 14-12 triumph over Wake Forest. In a battle of quarterbacks, State's hairy Roman Gabriel completed 15 of 23 passes for 140 yards and one touchdown, rushed for 68 yards; the Demon's Norm Sneed completed 16 of 27 for 227 yards and two scores, lost 18 yards on the ground. Tennessee's Frank Howard, stirred up by a mauling against ailer

continued



BACK OF THE WEEK: Auburn fullback Ed Dwyer kicked two field goals, set records for season (nine) and career (33), against Mississippi State.



LINEBACKER OF THE WEEK: Arkansas linebacker Wayne Harris was in on 24 of 36 tackles against Rice, made life miserable for the Owl runners.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Mississippi over Tennessee. A real test for Ole Miss despite the 'Yab' loss to Georgia Tech. Tough defense and talented Jake Gibbs will keep the Rebels on top.

Auburn over Georgia. The Tigers are menacing again, and there is always Ed Dwyer to kick field goals. Georgia's Francis Taylorson will have to shove against one of the nation's best pass defenses.

Pitt over Army. Pitt's staunch defenders won't be easy to move. The Gladiators may be in for a letdown after last week's superb victory over Syracuse.

Yale over Princeton. Two old rivals with but a single thought—the Ivy League title. Unbeaten Yale gets the edge on its balanced attack and stronger defense.

Minnesota over Purdue. Who can stop the hungry Gophers? Minnesota will thwart the Boilermakers and move a step closer to the Big Ten championship.

Ohio State over Iowa. The Badgers, fighting to stay alive in the Big Ten, will use their devastating power to overcome Iowa's speed.

Missouri over Oklahoma. This is the year for everybody to get even with the Sooners. Missouri is ready to run over and around subpar Oklahoma.

Kansas over Colorado. The Buffs have had two tough games in a row with Kansas was merely tuning up its game against Nebraska last Saturday. A win for the lower Jayhawks.

Ohio U. over Bowling Green. These unbeaten small-college leaders will be battling for the Mid-American crown. Ohio U. will wear down the Falcons.

Boylar over USC. A big one for the Bears, who will bounce back from two straight losses. USC is too uncertain and undoubtedly misses Mike McKeever.

Other games

FLORIDA OVER TENNESSEE
LOS ANGELES WASHINGTON STATE
GEORGIA TECH OVER ALABAMA
MARYLAND OVER NORTH CAROLINA
SMI OVER THE CITIZENS
BOYER STATE OVER BEARS
ARIZONA OVER WILLIAMS
WISCONSIN OVER ILLINOIS
NORTH CAROLINA ST. OVER ARIZONA ST.
TEXAS OVER TEX

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:
16 CORRECT, 1 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 27-37

FOOTBALL'S WEEK continued

three straight defeats, got his Tigers mad enough to whip the daylight out of North Carolina 24-0.

In other games, Southern Conference leader VMI outlasted Lehigh 13-14; Davidson surprised third-place Virginia Tech 9-7; The Gladiators moved up by beating William & Mary 14-9; Kentucky outclassed Vanderbilt 27-9; Arkansas clubbed Furman 35-9; Miami picked itself up in the last quarter, scored twice to beat Florida State 25-7; Sophomore Quarterback Lynn Amodeo threw three touchdown passes, gave LSU the offensive punch it has lacked all season as the Ben-

gals ran over South Carolina 35-6. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI (7-4-1)
2. DAKOTA (6-0)
3. ARIZONA (5-0)

THE WEST

While Washington barreled past USC on its way to the Rose Bowl, UCLA took out its disappointment on sludgy California, whomped the Beans 25-6. Tailback Bill Kilmer, used strategically when the Bruins were in scoring range, passed over the futile Cal defenders for 116 yards, scurried through their leaky line for 289 more and two touchdowns.

Stashed Coach Jack Curtin, whose quips are faster than his backs, fumed through another miserable afternoon. Oregon's small (5 foot 3½ inch) halfback, Cleveland Jones, took advantage of his size, darted in and out of the Stanford secondary, caught two touchdown passes from Quarterback Dave Gross, kicked three extra points and led the compert Ducks to a 27-6 win. Oregon State, after giving up 38 points to Washington State in the first quarter, suddenly decided it was enough. With Tailback Terry Baker, the nation's total-offense leader, picking judiciously through State's defense, the Beavers methodically slashed away at the WSU line for two touchdowns, sprang little Halfback Gene Hilliard loose for a third on a 53-yard run and beat the Cougars 20-18.

Utah State, as proud if somewhat startled monarch atop the Skyline Conference after its fine victory over Wyoming, was still not sure of its rule. Utah trusted Colorado State U. 27-6, will test the unbeaten Aggies Aggie November 15. The top three:

1. WASHINGTON (7-0)
2. UCLA (4-1-1)
3. OREGON (4-0)

EIGHTH WEEK LEADERS

GNCAA Statistics

TEAM	TD	PAT	FG	PTS.
Cattell, New Mexico State	18	2	0	98
N. Jones, Arizona State	8	22	5	95
Belina, Navy	15	2	0	92
DEFENSE				
	B	YDS.	PPG.	
Cattell, New Mexico State	120	817	8.5	
Lambert, Utah State	98	537	8.5	
Ferguson, Ohio State	124	692	3.4	
PASSING				
	A	C	PER.	YDS.
Mela, Washington State	167	91	545	1,294
Tarkenton, Georgia	135	90	370	1,623
H. Stephens, Hardin-Simmons	170	98	329	814
TOTAL OFFENSE				
	B	P	YDS.	
T. Baker, Oregon State	564	728	1,253	
Mela, Washington State	25	1,204	1,219	
Dyer, VMI	307	1,082	1,389	
TEAM TOTAL OFFENSE PLAYS PER GAME AVE.				
New Mexico State	481	2,742	294.6	
Memphis State	432	2,976	294.5	
Utah State	402	2,891	272.9	
TEAM TOTAL DEFENSE PLAYS YDS. GAMES AVE.				
Wyoming	281	1,156	146.8	
Syracuse	404	1,977	152.9	
Alabama	320	1,358	155.7	



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ers with elastic waistband, \$3.95; extra-long drawers, \$4.75. Thermal foot socks, \$1.50. For men and boys, Mayo Spruce, 3014 Empire State Building, New York, N. Y. Products of the Washington Mills Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Reach, climb, flex and fly

AT 8 months a human baby is still a little wild animal, a powerhouse of promise, full of unreasoned native wisdom. Because his physical reactions are still largely instinctive, and instinctively self-protective, this is the best and safest of all ages to teach him tumbling and to introduce him to acrobatic apparatus. Guided like a playful puppy by his natural inclinations, the baby ventures into unfamiliar spaces and postures full of confidence; at the same time, he can be trained in valuable habits of safety, as 8-month-old René Ponteau demonstrates below. These habits become more and more important—and more and more difficult to teach—as a child grows older and plays harder but with less inherent wisdom.

Exercises for the 8-month-old are planned to put to practical use the body muscles which the earlier exercises (SI, May 2, et seq.) have helped to make ready.

Photographs by SETHURU SORO



TIP-TOE REACH utilizes the benefits of baby's earlier foot exercises to counteract weakening effects of standing on mat-tresses. Stretching action strengthens the baby's whole foot.



FLEXIBILITY exercises are essential. The lateral spread (a) prevents tightening of growing pelvis and thigh muscles. Sash (a) stretches back muscles, and, more important, encourages the

baby's natural inclination to turn his head to protect his neck muscles. The alternate leg stretch (b) loosens the back of the leg and back muscles, one side at a time, for greater suppleness.



THE WIGGLES—gives the baby an early introduction to spank-fight and a test in courage. The baby's back muscles are now stronger, so that he will begin to arch high enough to raise his



feet. Mother-climbing (above right) allows the ambitious 9-month-old baby to coordinate leg and back muscles in an exciting game as he learns to negotiate insecure and uncertain terrain.



ONE-FOOT HANDSTANDS—is the next exercise for the baby whose lower back muscles have by now acquired sufficient strength to make the adjustment from the two-foot support.



The challenge of a sturdy rope (3) and a round stick (4), coupled with baby's keen desire to put them into his mouth, serves to build shoulder, arm and hand strength as he tugs against them.

CHARLES GOREN / *Cards*

A Greek to beware of

BIDGE is an international language. I was never more sure of this than when I was in Greece recently and played in Athens with Markos Nomikos, head of the Greek shipping company that bears his name. Although we were many thousands of miles from the Regency Club in New York, the game we played had the flavor of the best hands played at the club.

The opening lead in the game described was unusual. It was made against my partner, Constantine Platina, who played South and who, with Namielos, is a member of the Regency. The lead, I am now convinced, did not succeed for the single reason that bridge is international. Because Platina correctly guessed what was behind the lead, he was able to bring home a toeh-and-go slam.

Costa, as Patsis is called, was a high-ranking officer in the Greek air force in World War II and a daring flyer. When the Nazis overran Greece, he joined the IAF. At the bridge table, as in the air, he is a bold tactician, and readers who follow my Sunday TV show will have an opportunity to observe this for themselves when he appears a bit later this season.

In this deal, it was necessary for him to rely on mathematical probabilities in order to reach the right conclusion. Because good players rarely lead an ace against a slam, South concluded that West expected to win a trump trick to set the contract. So South, crediting West with the missing spade queen, took precautions against finding it tricky guarded.

After West won the heart ace, he shifted to a diamond, taken by dummy's king. Costa came to his hand with the ace of clubs and led the jack of spades, letting it ride for a first-round finesse. When it held, he led another spade to dummy's 9, cashed the king and came back to his hand with the queen of clubs to draw West's queen of trumps, bringing home the slam.

Had West's too-revealing lead of the ace of hearts cost him the chance to set the hand? I doubt it. Suppose West fails to cash his heart trick and leads a club or a diamond. Instead of guessing the spade finesse, Costa would try to drop the spade queen, hoping that even if the queen did not fall he could avoid a heart loser.

Assuming a club lead, South wins, cashes the spade ace and a second club, then leads to dummy's spade king. If the spades are three to two, the plan is assured unless the player with the queen has fewer than three clubs. Even with the four-to-one trump break, South makes the hand. He discards his hearts on the king and jack of clubs, cashes dummy's king of diamonds and comes to his hand by ruffing a heart. The ace and queen of diamonds are cashed. After that, South leads his fourth diamond to be taken care of by dummy's 9 of trumps. West can win only his queen of spades.

EXTRA TRICK

An ace is seldom the best lead against a slam contract—unless you have at least one other ace in reserve. But when there is danger that you will lose your only ace unless you take it immediately, grab it fast and hope that another trick will materialize somewhere.

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1P	PASS	1P	PASS
2P	PASS	2P	PASS
PASS	PASS		

THE OLD BOYS

continued from page 85

the Packer 16, Unitas hit Berry on the sideline at the eight. For one frozen moment Berry appeared to stand still as Pasanen dove at him, but at the last instant Berry twisted away and ran down the line for the tie-breaking touchdown. That play was the game. "He wouldn't have done that on Whittenton," Ewbank said later, breaking into a smile.

Behind 31-24, only two and a half minutes left, Starr passed to Krafels, but Halfback Bob Boyd, who hadn't been doing too well until then, intercepted and ran the ball to the Packer 14. The crowd screamed its approval, and so did Colt Backfield Coach Charlie Winner, on the phone up in the press box. "That," said Winner, "makes up for the bones he made."

On the first play Hawkins took a handoff and ran straight through the Packers. The kick was good, and the Colts led 38-24 with only 1:54 left.

Superfluously, the Colts intercepted again. This time it was Davis who took the ball on the Colt 28. There was not time left to score again. The crowd, like a college cheering section, counted the rising seconds—"Five! Four! Three! Two! One!"—as kids ran out on the field to hail their heroes.

The most mistakes

In his office Ewbank sipped a Royal Crown Cola as he accepted congratulations. "They had a little trouble with Berry," he said, "and Hawkins made a fine catch." He scolded over the fan flicker. "I had that in high school," he said. "It isn't worth a damn when it doesn't work!"

"Both teams played a fine ball game," Ewbank went on. "They're tough—we couldn't contain them up there. But the team that makes the most mistakes loses." Did this win, asked a reporter, mean that the Colts would win another championship? Ewbank frowned. "If I knew that," he said, "it would save me a hell of a lot of gray hairs. All I'm thinking about is the Bears." The Colts play the Bears Sunday in Chicago, and outside in the dressing room, where the players were slapping one another on the back, someone had chalked on the blackboard, FIVE TO GO—BEARS NEXT. It seems like a good bet.

—ROBERT H. BOYLE



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In the historic instant of triumph, Gene

PART II: A LIFE WITH GOLF

THE GRAND SLAM

by ROBERT TYRE JONES JR.

It was just 39 years ago that Bobby Jones, in a single, matchless season, won all four of golf's major international tournaments: the British Amateur and Open, the U.S. Amateur and Open. Here, with the clarity and candor with which he recalled last week his education as a competitor, he tells for the first time his own story of that tense, exhausting, unique athletic achievement—a story which makes every reader a participant.

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If, with respect to the British tournament of 1930, I should adduce more detail than appears to be warranted, it is because I have soberly concluded it was the most important tournament of my life. Without it, the Grand Slam would have died aborting. Besides, the winning of it included more interesting, dramatic crutches than any tournament in my experience.

In the first round I was drawn against a player from Nottingham named Sid Roper. All that anyone seemed to know about Roper was that he was a very ordinary golfer. I was told that he would most likely not play any hole better than 5.

Throughout all the years I had engaged in golfing competition, I held a notion that I could make a pretty fair appraisal of the worth of an opponent simply by speaking to him on the first tee and taking a good measuring look into his eyes; I thought I could tell whether or not he would be likely to play his best game under pressure. What I observed of Mr. Roper in this respect was not at all reassuring. He had a very clear, steady look in his eyes; his manner was quite composed, and he had the aspect not only of a competitor, but of a golfer as well. When he struck his first tee shot, he looked even more like both. His swing was polished, compact and assured. I knew right then that I was in for a real game—and how glad I am that I did



Burns, Jan's last opponent in U.S. Amateur, rushes forward to congratulate him (center) as the gallery at Merion goes wild.

have this knowledge! When the match ended on the 18th green, I had two-48 left for 68, which would have equaled the amateur record for St. Andrews I had set three years earlier. Mr. Roper, who had been expected to play few holes under 5, actually required that many strokes on only one, the 17th, which he 3-putted. The other 15 he played in 4 each. On the basis of comparative scores I think he would have won from any other player in the field. I know he would have beaten me on any other day of the tournament, except possibly on the morning of the final match.

From the start, everyone around St. Andrews seemed to be looking forward to the possible meeting of Cyril Tolley and me on Wednesday afternoon. Cyril, too, had a narrow escape in the first round, but he managed to make it. No one had any illusions about Cyril. He had always been a fearsome competitor in this championship. He had won it for the second time the year before. He was a big, powerful player with an exquisite touch in the short game, and in my opinion the most dangerous man I could meet in an 18-hole match at St. Andrews.

Cyril and I had been very good friends for many years before that day, and we have remained fast friends ever since. I know that match will stand in his memory, as it does in mine, as an afternoon in which each of us called on every re-

source in an all-out effort to beat the other. I felt the same exultation and desperate urgency I should expect to feel in a battle with broadwoods and outlogs. We played in literally half a gale, and in 16 holes the match was brought back on six occasions from one down to even, as we alternated in taking the lead. The play on the 17th, the famous Road Hole, is still being discussed. That it was a break for me is undeniable. Just how colossal a break it was will perhaps never be known. The facts are as follows:

The two drives, over the sheds, with the wind behind, were long, with Cyril out in front. My ball lay near the left side of the fairway, his about center.

Playing the odd, my second was an iron, to the left of the Road Bunker. The ball bounded into the mass of spectators and dropped on the apron at the back of the green, a few feet off the putting surface.

Tolley's second was short, and curled off the slope at the front of the green, stopping in a position that left the bunker between his ball and the flag.

I, being away, slipped to a distance of approximately eight feet from the cup.

Tolley's little patch dropped exactly in the only possible spot, barely over the bunker, at the top of a slope running down to the hole. His ball stopped within two feet of the cup.

I holed the eight-footer, and Cyril, of course, holed his for the half.

The point of controversy was (and still is): Where would my ball have finished had it not been stopped by the crowd? If the ball would have gone into the road, the stopping of it definitely saved for me the hole and the match. If the ball would have stopped either on the 18th tee or in the rough beyond, I think in all reason I could have approached as well as I did.

At least one observer thought that I had played directly into the crowd, knowing they were packed so densely that the human barricade must stop my ball. This was very definitely not the case. I should never have been so heedless of the possibility of injury to a spectator. I played only after several minutes, and after it had become apparent that the stewards could move the crowd no farther and my own attempt to wave the spectators back had had no effect.

I attempted to play a soft shot with a four-iron, designed barely to pass the bunker at the left of the green. I have a very distinct recollection that as I swung the club I was acutely aware that the ball must pass the bunker. If it did not, my situation would be hopeless. I know that I gave the shot a little extra nudge. I saw the ball land even with the bunker and take a board forward. I know it was strong, but I don't know by how much. Yet I did see it strike a spectator and drop near the green.

Tolley, seeing my ball so well located,

continued

decided that in order to save a half he must go for the flag. It cannot be stated as a fact, but it is nevertheless my conviction that Tolley's third shot on this hole has never been surpassed for exquisitely beautiful execution. I shall carry to my grave the impression of the lovely little stroke with which he dropped the ball so softly in exactly the right spot, so that it finished dead in the hole. It certainly put the seal of necessity on my



Sid Roper was unknown quantity.

able. I was neither confident nor staid—just very, very tired. After my ordeal with Tolley on Wednesday afternoon I survived Thursday morning with no more than ordinary pressure, and played Jimmy Johnston, the American Amateur champion, that afternoon. I was completely aware that I would have to do my best to win. As it was, Jimmy staged one of his characteristically strong finishes, and although I went into the 18th hole one up, I was not too happy when I needed a curling, eight-foot putt to avoid



Cyril Tolley was respected enemy.

wife, I suggested that we go up to the sitting room on the second floor, overlooking the 18th green, and have a glass of sherry.

I had never before touched a drop of alcohol before playing a tournament round, and I could not have made a greater mistake now. I suppose my keyed-up condition had much to do with it, but the wine flushed my face and I was very keenly aware that my eyes were the slightest bit out of focus. I really began to get panicky as our starting time approached and the condition continued.

I could not get that sherry out of my eyes until more than half the round had been played. I played well enough from tee to green, but I kept missing putts all over the place and finally even fluffed a short pitch at the 13th hole. When George holed a good putt there to win the hole, I found myself two down with five to play.

There is an old saying that two up with five to play never wins. As I walked from the 13th green to the 14th tee I had no faith whatever in this maxim. I did not think that Voigt was the kind of player who would turn away this sort of lead. I was quite certain that I was not capable of the golf needed to wrest it away from him. I don't think I can describe my feeling on the next tee when George, driving first into a strong left-hand wind, cut his tee shot over the stone wall, out of bounds. With the stroke-and-distance penalty, this was just exactly the same as handing the hole to me on a platter. Never was a gift so unexpected or so eagerly accepted. With that one stroke I was holed back into the golf game. One down and four to play is vastly different from two down and five to play.

Voigt slipped again at the 15th, and I had a putt of six feet to square the match, but missed it. Also at the 16th, another cut tee shot put my opponent into a bunker from which he could not recover. Now it was all even coming again to the 17th, the famous Road Hole. The state of the match was exactly as it had been at this point with Tolley on Wednesday. However, the weather conditions were more nearly normal. In the accepted way, therefore, George and I each hit good

continued

eight-foot putt. If I had not holed it, I would not be writing this story.

I have always regretted that such a splendid, exciting match should have been decided by a stymie, yet this was the case. We finished the 18th hole still even, and headed for the 19th. A slack second shot to the left of the green and a weak chip left Tolley's ball seven feet short of the hole in 3, whereas mine in 2 lay only 10 feet away. Since the two balls were on the same side of the hole, when my very careful putt stopped only a couple of inches short the hole was completely shut off to anything but a miracle.

The stymie was an accepted and important part of match-play golf in those days, as I think it should be today and always. And as Tolley himself said, generously but truly, he had left himself wide open to it.

The great battle had ended, and the release from tension was almost unbearable.

having to go to the 19th hole. It was a very pretty sight when I saw my ball make the last break in the green and run precisely into the center of the cup.

On Friday morning my opponent was a very good young English player, Eric Fiddian. I played quite well, being one under par for the first nine (at which point I was four up), and with every hole in par coming home, the holes ran out at the 15th green, where I won by 4 and 3.

By this time I was tired. My morning match ended early. My afternoon opponent, George Voigt, had started his morning match somewhat later than I, it was going to be a long wait before this very important semifinal game. Since it was the last 18-hole barrier between me and the title that I had coveted for so long, the afternoon match held more than the usual significance. I guess I was just plain nervous. Anyway, when I got to the hotel and met Mary, my

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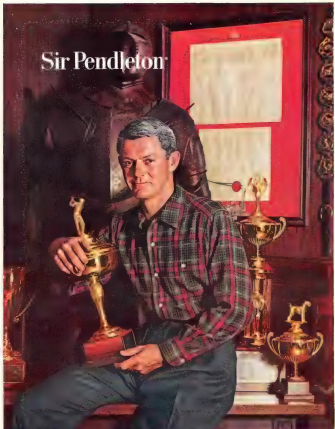


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A man with grey hair, wearing a red and green plaid shirt and blue jeans, sits on a wooden bench. He holds a large golden trophy in his right hand. Behind him, a dark leather jacket hangs on a wall. To his right, several other golden trophies are displayed on a shelf. In the background, a red bulletin board with two framed documents is visible. The scene is set in a room with dark wood paneling.

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drives and each played for the front of the green. With the conservatism I usually practiced on this hole, I left my second about five yards short of the putting surface. George, being a bit bolder, almost pushed his ball up onto the top level of the green. It teetered a bit on the brink and then rolled slowly back down to the bottom of the bunk, but still lay on the putting surface. My chip down the long green was on line, but I failed to judge the distance accurately, leaving myself a good four yards short. This was not good, but neither was it disastrous, because it was a long way from certain that Voigt could get down in two putts.

The uncertainty endured for only a few moments, however. George's ball still lay on the putting surface, where he could use his aluminum putter, and he rolled a beauty down the length of the green, stopping it within two feet of the hole. Again on that 17th hole I found myself putting for my life. Again it was do or die, sink or swim, now or never, and again the putt went down. I had a strange feeling as I stepped up to make

the putt. I could see the line so plainly as if it had been marked on the green. I knew before I swung the putter that I would surely hole the ball.

The wind was against at the 18th, and Voigt's shorter drive left him a little too much to do with the second shot. He tried to hang it up to the hole, but again caught the top of the slope so that his ball rolled back to the bottom of the Valley of Sin. My shorter pitch was good, two yards from the flag. George ran up just inside me, I missed for the win, but so did he for the half. I had had about as hard a week as I could imagine, but I had now reached the final, and needed only to win one more match (over 36 holes) for the championship.

I held the utmost respect for my final opponent, Roger Wethered. But I knew that all factors, both physical and psychological, were on my side. I honestly felt that Roger himself held very little hope of winning. I was not even certain that he cared very much. Roger was a fine golfer and a wonderful sportsman, who could be counted on to give his best at all times, but he was also a completely charming person without any semblance of aggressiveness on a golf course.

We both started well, playing the first nine in even par. The break I had been expecting came on the 10th hole. After I had holed for a 4 from about six feet, Roger missed from a foot closer. As he turned after picking up his ball, I thought I read in his face his belief that he could not keep this up much longer.

Two pars on 11 and 12 resulted in halves, then a string of four 4s was good enough to win four holes in a row, so that I came to the 17th, the Road Hole, five up. Someone had told me that the Old Course had never been played in competition without at least one 5 on the card. As I neared the finish of the round with nothing but 4s and 3s, I began to have an ambition to be the first to accomplish this feat. Playing the 17th hole, with my opponent nicely on the green in 2, I had to take a chance and put my own second within the Road Bunker. My ball was lying quite clearly on the white powdery sand, and the hole, cut between the bunker and the road, was only a short distance away. It was the one shot in golf I could play better than any other. Stepping up to the ball without delay evidently took the stewards by surprise,

continued

THE STYMIE—LET'S HAVE IT BACK

I have always been thankful that the governing bodies of golf on both sides of the Atlantic have resisted changes in the rules. Throughout the years there have been plenty of suggestions for changes, but few have been made. The one instance which I think was a real mistake was the elimination of the stymie.

It has been appalling to me to find that there are golfers of today who do not even know the meaning of "stymie." Twenty years ago I should not have dreamed that it would ever be necessary to explain that a stymie results in match play, when one ball on the green interposes some or all of its mass between the other ball and the hole. For a while, in the U.S., the offending ball could only be removed if it was within six inches of the hole, which was tantamount then to concession of the remaining putt; but now a player may insist upon its removal from any distance if he "considers

that it might interfere with his play."

Two aspects of the stymie (under the rules in force at the time I played) must be understood. If the balls lie so that the space between them is less than six inches, the nearer one may be lifted. Thus, if a player's first putt should leave his ball less than six inches from the hole, he cannot be stymied. Also, within a radius of two feet, a competent player can make, almost every time, any stymie that may be laid him. It is not likely, therefore, that anyone will ever lose a hole by reason of a stymie unless he has left himself in a vulnerable position.

It has been said that the stymie is unfair, that it brings a factor of bad luck into the game. True, it can, but it is not typical. One might say, for instance, that my win on the 19th hole at St. Andrews over Cyril Tolley (see page 87) was a lucky win. This was a typical stymie situation, but did luck play a part in it? I had

played the hole better all the way, after the tee shot. The question is: How much better must a man play a hole in order to be entitled to win it?

With the stymie in the game, match-play golf becomes an exciting duel in which the player must always be on guard against a sudden, often demoralizing thrust. More than anything else, it points up the value of always being closer to the hole on the shot to the green and after the first putt. The player who can maintain the upper hand in play up to the hole rarely suffers from a stymie.

In my observation, the stymie has more often been the means of enforcing a decision in favor of the deserving player, rather than the contrary. I think that today as in the past it merits a respected place in the game. I know that a return to it would greatly enhance the interest, suspense and excitement of match-play golf for player and spectator alike.



The 17th green at St. Andrews, known also as the Road Hole, was scene of some of Grand Slam's most memorable moments. Greer could be reached in two by driving over sheds (left). At Road Bunker (right) Jones made his crucial surprise shot.

BOBBY JONES *continued*

for suddenly they rushed over and began moving spectators off the edge of the green near the road. I could appreciate that with the lurid history of the hole it was unthinkable to them that a man should be allowed to play from the Road Bunker without having every opportunity to play into the road, as he might be expected to do. I could not suppress a smile as I stepped back from the ball to allow the stewards to complete their work. Seeing my smile, the crowd and the stewards, too, caught the humor of the situation and all had a good laugh.

When we had had our fun and things had quieted down, I pepped the ball into the green and watched it trickle down the slope and stop four feet from the hole, whereupon I missed the putt and acquired my first 5 of the round. It was a bitter disappointment.

The remainder of the match was uneventful, and ended at the 30th green.

Seven 18-hole matches, four of them grueling, and one of 36 holes represent a fairly busy week of golf. At St. Andrews, immediately after the tournament was over, I was too tired to be aware of any sensation except relief. The British Open was coming up in two weeks, and what I needed most was rest on the physical side and a change of scenery mentally. So Mary and I took off for a week in Paris.

THE BRITISH OPEN

The first order of business on my return to England was to get through the qualifying for the British Open, which I had a right to expect would be something of a formality. It was, as before, in two sections. But this year the two courses in use were the championship course, Hoylake, and another near by, Walsley. I completed the second qualifying round with a total of 150, nine strokes behind Archie Compston and seven behind Henry Cotton, but safely within the necessary limit. Next day, however, was the first round of the tournament proper, and as its conclusion I found myself with a score of 70, tied for the lead with Cotton and Macdonald Smith.

The second day I added a 72, so that at the halfway point I was leading the field, although only by one stroke over Fred Robson and three over Horton Smith. I had a margin of five over Archie Compston. Five strokes sounds like an awful lot, but here is what can happen.

On the morning of the final day I began my third round 4, 5, 6, and Compston, starting about an hour later, did these first three holes in 4, 3, 4 and then added a 2 on the short fourth, where I had taken a par 3. In four holes my lead of five strokes vanished completely.

All during the latter half of the round the cheers from Compston's gallery were ringing in my ears. The American domi-

nation of the British Open had been unbroken for a number of years, so it was quite natural that a British crowd should cheer Compston's great play. I can still see the awesome figure made by Compston toward the finish of his round. He had finished in 68 to take the lead from me by one stroke at 235 to 236 and, as one of the British writers said, he was playing like a frenzied giant. A tall, powerful man, Compston was truly striding after the ball, as though he could not wait to vent his fury upon it. Watching from the clubhouse as I saw him swoop past the 16th green, I had the feeling that spectators, tea bums, benches even, might be swirled up into his wake. As he left the 18th green after his great 68 and made his beaming way to the clubhouse through a crowd of well-wishers, he was about as happy a figure as I have ever seen.

At the time I was heading for the first tee to start my final round. After an uneventful 4 at the first hole, I hit a high, towering drive off the second tee. I saw the ball coming down a yard or two off the right edge of the fairway into the heavy rough. As I watched the ball descending, I also saw it was going to land very close to one of the gallery stewards wearing his identifying red skull cap. Indeed it did: I have often wondered what that fellow's head was made of. He was in no wise injured by the impact, but my ball, landing on his head, careened some 30 yards, entirely across an adjoining

fairway, and finished in a bunker intended to be a hazard for players approaching the 14th green. I am unable to say whether the accident resulted in my ball being nearer the hole than it would otherwise have been. I do know that it found a very clean lie in the sand, which was infinitely preferable to one in the deep rough for which it had been headed.

This second shot from the sand finished about 20 feet from the hole, after which I holed the putt for a birdie 3. I continued on in a very comfortable way until I arrived at the 8th tee, needing two 4s—which were entirely reasonable—in order to be out in 35. This was the best I had done to this point during the tournament, and I must admit that I was feeling most optimistic. I felt that Crompton must inevitably suffer some reaction from his fine round of the morning (actually, he put himself completely out with an 82), and no one else was close enough to offer serious challenge if I could get in a reasonably good round.

The 8th hole at Hoylake was of some 480 yards. After a good drive my second shot just missed the left edge of the green and rolled off some 30 or 35 yards down an innocent slope. The ball lay still in the fairway, with absolutely nothing between it and the flag, some 10 or 15 yards off the putting surface. The hole was located another five yards, perhaps, beyond the edge of the greens. From my ball the fairway sloped upward to the putting surface, and then dropped off in a fairly fast slope to the hole and beyond. The green was quite keen.

I wanted desperately to get that 4 so I could take things a bit more easily from that point in. I tried to let my first chip die just onto the edge of the green, hoping that it would roll down close to the hole. But the shot was underplayed and did not quite reach the putting surface. Still with the same respect for the keen green, I left the second chip some 10 feet short of the hole. Trying very hard to save a par at least, I slipped the first putt a foot past the hole. And then, a bit unsettled perhaps, I hurriedly tapped the next one—and it didn't go in.

These events caused much wonderment among the spectators and golfing

authorities present. Bernard Darwin said that a nice old lady with a croquet mallet could have saved me at least two strokes. Yet I will swear that I took the 7 on that hole in the most reasonable manner. The whole thing was at once so unbelievable and so supremely simple that it comprised the most perfect example of the kind of torment that is ever present for the contestant in an Open championship.

As I walked to the 9th tee I was in a daze. I realized that in only one brief span of a moment or two, all the effort of the past three days had been just about washed out. I should like to say that this disaster caused me to rise up in all my might and resolve to win out at all costs. The fact is, though, that it did anything but that.

I had been badly shaken and I knew it. I was even confused mentally. I was completely incapable of making any calculation—either of what score I might ultimately achieve, or what would be



On Hoylake's 16th, Horton represented from a bunker with shot he calls one of his best.

necessary to stave off the challenge of others.

Since I could not think, I simply kept on hitting the ball as best I could to finish the round in an orderly fashion. I had no more thought of attacking or defending or of being over par or under par, but merely of finishing. I know that I did the next five holes in 4 each, but two

of them were par 3s. I remember getting a 4 on the 14th. At the 15th I played my second a bit short of the green, chipped up to within a half dozen feet and missed the putt.

The 16th hole at Hoylake in 1930 was 532 yards in length. It was a dogleg to the right around a corner of a dike, at about 270 yards from the tee. The green was wide and flat, and whatever may have been on the right-hand side, there was a bunker at the left front corner of the green. Going all-out for a 4, my long wood second was pulled just enough to finish in this left-hand bunker. I found the ball lying clearly on the smooth sand, but very close to the left-hand wall of the bunker—that is, the wall on the side opposite the hole. The slope of this wall was quite abrupt. There could be no thought of playing an ordinary blast or half blast, or even a chip. The ball could only be struck by a sharply descending blow, and my right foot had to be placed almost at the top of the bank behind me. The hole lay at some 20 to 25 yards across the flat, shiring green.

So the 16th hole produced a shot which was one of the best I ever made in my life and which, as it turned out, won the championship for me. I had not used for any important shot during the whole year the massive, concave sand wedge that Horton Smith had given me. But as I looked at this situation on the 70th hole of the championship, I could see that this was the only club with which this shot could be played successfully. If I could drop the club just behind the ball so that contact would be made just above center of the face of the club, the loft should be just about right to play a running shot across the green. I knew it was dangerous to use a club with which I had so little familiarity, but it was the only hope.

The shot came off precisely as intended. The ball popped over the forward bank of the bunker and crept slowly across the green until it just ticked the edge of the hole and stopped two inches beyond.

That did it. I had to hole a reasonable put for a 4 on the 17th, but finished with

continued



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BOBBY JONES *continued*

another 4 at 18 and was safe from pursuit. Leo Diegel, coming along an hour later, took 6 at the 16th hole and so lost to me by two strokes. Macdonald Smith needed a 2 at the par-4 18th to tie me. The par 4 which he got left him tied with Diegel for second.

These two British championships were the hardest of any I could remember. I might say they still are.

THE UNITED STATES OPEN

The first round of the 1930 Open at Interlachen in Minneapolis was played on the hottest day that I can remember. I never knew what the official temperature was, but it was certainly well over 100° on the golf course. I started the round clad in light-gray plus fours, a shirt with a collar and a red foulard four-in-hand tie. I carried a dozen or so red wood tees in my trousers pocket. When I finished the round my plus fours were so saturated they appeared to be black. The tie had run all over my shirt, and the red from the tees had stained one leg of my trousers. I could not loosen my tie, so Keeler cut it off with a pocket knife. The heat was too much for a good many players, among them my friend Cyril Tolley.

I managed to get off to a fairly good start—out in 34 and back in 37, with a couple of slips. My 71 was good enough to be tied for the lead until late afternoon, when Macdonald Smith and Tommy Armour came in with a pair of 70s.

Next day, even with the aid of a stroke of luck from the famous "lily pad" shot which skipped across a pond, I needed 73 for the second round, and so found myself at the halfway point two strokes behind Horrie Smith and tied with Harry Cooper and Charlie Lacey.

I had no doubt that I was surrounded by a group of competitors which was plenty formidable. Yet my position was not too bad. I was never too keen about being in the lead at the start of the final day. I found that I always felt more comfortable when I lay in good position to move to the front, instead of being oppressed by that feeling of having something to protect. From a spot a couple of strokes back, a really good third

round could be counted on to pick up a lot of strokes.

I began that morning swinging smoothly and comfortably. The first break came at the long fourth, where I came out of a bunker short of the green and holed a putt for a birdie 4. Two more birdies at 6 and 7, and I was out in 33. Two more birdies, both 4s, at the long holes 11 and 12, and another one—a 3 at 16—and I was set for the best round I had ever played in a championship, and I believe what would have been the lowest score ever returned in the United States Open up to that time.

But I did not get the 66 that seemed so certain. I went one over par on each of the last two holes. The 4 at 17 was pardonable, because at 262 yards it was about as long as a par 3 could get. The 5 at 18 came when I pushed my drive to the right among some trees and had to waste a shot playing out. Even so, the 68 started me off on the last round that afternoon five strokes ahead of Harry Cooper, who had moved up to second position. But in that last round three times I took 5 on a par-3 hole, thereby kicking away six precious strokes. These lapses were only partially redeemed when I followed each with a birdie.

It was obvious that the round which should have been a breeze was likely to become sticky indeed. After a double bogey 5 on the 13th, I managed to get hold of myself. A good drive and an iron to the 14th green was followed by a putt of about 15 feet for a birdie 3. A better drive and iron to number 15 left a putt of eight feet for the birdie, which I missed. But at 16 my mushie-ribbick pitch stopped a foot from the hole for another 3. Just when everything seemed nicely settled, I got all tied up within myself trying to hit a wood tee shot to the par-3 17th, and the ball wheeled far off line to the right into a marsh. A local rule permitted me to drop into the fairway, but many yards short of the green. With the penalty, this brought the third par-3 5.

These events had been somewhat unsettling. My drive and second to the 18th were at best tentative, and left my ball on the very front of the green, at least 40 feet from the hole. The crowd was

continued

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A color photograph of three men driving in a light blue convertible car. The man in the driver's seat (left) wears a grey fedora with a pink band. The man in the front passenger seat (center) wears a green fedora with a wide black band and a silver ornament. The man in the back seat (right) wears a brown fedora with a white band. They are all smiling and looking forward. The background shows a road and trees.

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riffing about in great excitement, and it was only with difficulty that I was able to maintain some composure. More to settle my nerves a bit than for any other reason, I walked up to the flag and went through the motions of looking over the putt with great care. The green sloped gradually upward for about half the distance to the hole, whence a somewhat steeper slope carried up to a small table, upon which the hole had been cut.

As I stepped up to the putt, I was quivering in every muscle. My most optimistic expectation was to get the thing dead. It is impossible to describe my sensation when I saw my ball take a small break five or six feet from the cup, so that I knew it was in. Hats were tossed in the air all around the green, and I know the great shout must have been heard by my adversaries still on the course. I had a long wait in the clubhouse before the result became official, but I felt pretty confident that I could not be caught. Actually, again as at Hoylake, Mac Smith came to the last hole needing another eagle 2 to tie. That final putt had again closed the door.

THE UNITED STATES AMATEUR. I know no American golf course more to my liking than Merion. Besides being a good course, it was one for which I had come to have a good deal of sentimental affection. It was at Merion in 1916 that I first played in the Amateur championship. It was there that I first won it in 1924. I could not have picked a more propitious setting for this final event of the most important golfing year of my life.

I have always thought that the first round of that championship saw the real turning point of the tournament for me. In much the same way as at St. Andrews, I managed to play my best golf in the very first match. And, again as at St. Andrews, it proved (and unexpectedly, too) that it was here that I needed it most. As I was making my way from the locker room to the first tee, I stopped to have a word with Jess Sweetser, who was going in to change after a much.

continued

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BOBBY JONES *interviewed*

Jess asked, "Who have you got this morning, Bob?"

"Sandy Sommerville," I replied.

"Pleee!" said Jess, "what a guy to get in the first round!"

"I know," I said.

Ross Sommerville, the Canadian champion, was probably the least appreciated amateur golfer in the world. It seemed that only golfers knew how good he was. But those of us who had played with him had no doubt about the effectiveness or the soundness of his compact and very beautiful and regular method. Above all, we knew him as a competitive athlete, in his quiet and unobtrusive way, of the first rank, not only in golf but in a number of other sports. I believe that about this time Sommerville was recognized as one of the best amateur hockey players in Canada.

Most likely it was a good thing for me to catch a first-round opponent for whom I had such high respect. After halving the first hole in par-4s, we each hit big wood shots just off the edge of the green at the long uphill second hole. We each chipped very dead, and it became even more obvious that I had a battle on my hands.

Sandy missed his par 3 on the third, after which we halved three holes in par figures. At the next hole, the 7th, came the break of the match and, as it turned out, the break in the tournament for me. In 1930 the 7th at Merion was a drive-and-pitch affair, with the pitch, after a normal drive, being a little more than a hundred yards. Sandy and I both probed our seconds to the right of the hole, and a little less than hole-high, he about seven feet, I about eight. The two balls were only a little more than a foot apart, although no stymie was involved. I was one up at the time.

This was definitely not one of those occasions the importance of which is appreciated only in retrospect. As I walked up the green to finish the hole, there was going through my mind a very well-remembered sequence of thoughts. "There is a chance here," I was thinking. "For this match to swing one way or the other. Sandy has been hitting right along with me on every shot. On every hole it has just been a question of who

would make the putt. I've got the first go at it this time. If I can get my ball into the hole, Sandy's putt will become a lot tougher; and if he should miss, it might mean the match. If I miss first, almost certainly he will hole and we will be even. If that happens, with Sandy in the mood he is in today, I will be playing for my life from here on in."

I never worked harder on any putt than I did on this one. The green was quite keen, and there was a little break from right to left which was difficult to read. I putted the ball very gently. The



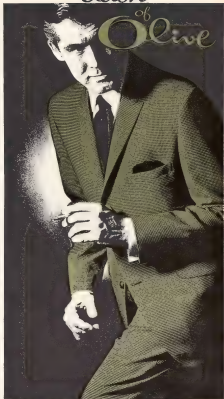
Spent from long season's tension, weary Jones leaves looks at Merion.

touch was exactly right, even if the line had been a bit too conservative. The ball hesitated at the upper edge of the hole and then dropped.

Sandy played the same line, but too strongly by a hair. His ball touched the top of the hole, but passed it by an inch. I was very certain that by getting my ball into the hole first I had gone two ahead instead of being hauled back to even. With a little more margin to work with, I holed a fair putt for a birdie 3 on the 11th, and a really good one of 25 feet

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put a partial stymie for a 2 at the 9th, and so reached the turn four up—and my opponent had played seven pars, one birdie and only one bogey.

I won from Somerville in the morning by 5 and 4, and in the afternoon from Fred Hobbs, another Canadian, by the same score. In the afternoon I played the first nine in 42, 6 over par. What a difference in the two matches, with the winning margin the same!

Unfortunately, this was to be typical of my progress through the entire tournament—very good golf, day after day, was to be mixed up with some very bad golf. I cannot say whether it was luck, or the strain of that fourth championship, or whether I was playing so well but was just so tired that, while my game would respond whenever called upon, it was yet not equal to a steady performance. In every match I would play quite well for a while, and then, having gained what looked like a comfortable lead, I would lapse into something worse than inactivity and manage to get rid of most of it. But always, when it got to close running again, my play would improve. I should have ended every match more quickly than I did. Yet I was never down to any opponent, and never in any sort of trouble.

When Gene Horans stroked his last putt in the final round on Saturday afternoon on the 11th green and, before the ball stopped rolling, came with a big smile to shake my hand, all at once I felt the wonderful feeling of release from tension and relaxation that I had wanted so badly for so long a time. I wasn't quite certain what had happened or what I had done. I only knew that I had completed a period of most strenuous effort and that at this point nothing more remained to be done, and thus on this particular project, at least, there could never at any time in the future be anything else to do. I am certain that many other people have enjoyed this feeling—that the project, no matter what its importance, has been finished, well ahead, at least for a time, lies nothing but rest and cessation of worry. The Grand Slam was done.



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NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY OR NICE

Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial "Lady Luck and the Law," Oct. 31. It takes realism and a large measure of courage to stand up and be counted on such an issue.

What a paradoxical country we live in! Legal to pay admission to a privately owned race track which can only exist by sanction of a state government and, once in, gamble away. But naughty, naughty to bet on a fight, a baseball, basketball or football game. Heavens to Betsy! Maybe some day we'll treat wagering here as sensibly as they treat it in England.

NORMAN W. SCHAEFER

Olympia, Wash.

Sirs:

For too long our laws have limited gambling to dogs, horses and the track market. Those who prefer lotteries, poker or bingo should be permitted to indulge their whims reasonably under strict regulation.

DR. HOSKIN

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

I was shocked by your advertisement of legalized gambling. Is it not common knowledge that live breed more live, that horses breed more horses and that gambling breeds more gambling? How can you believe that legalized gambling will forever remain honest and restrained?

SAMUEL B. JOHNSON

Middlebury, Vt.

ARMYKNOCK CO HOME

Sirs:

Until we read *Armyness on the Beach* (Oct. 31), we were about ready to trade in our husky Sonney's Fang for an armchair.

After snacking out of three Danner dog dishes, feeling that Fang was a complete failure, we now find that she is ideal as a field hand. What brought it all on was reading in your magazine that the winner of the field trial you reported was Sheldahl's Merna. One dog and two armchairs.

I thank you, my wife thanks you and Fang thanks you.

JIMM SEANES

Denville

LITTLE LIGHTNING

Sirs:

In regard to the article about the wealth of sophomores in football this year (*A Sophomore Sophomore*, Oct. 31), you mentioned Bobby Dodd Jr. of Florida. Not taking anything away from Bobby, he is a fine passer, but you neglected

to mention anything about Larry Littleton, the "Little Lightning" who has started every game this year. He is the sparkplug of the team and is capable of anything, including running 66 yards against LSU on the first play of the game. You also neglected to mention a great game receiver, also a sophomore, Bruce Starling.

PATRICK McKEOWN

Ocala, Fla.

BILLY LOVEE BONNIE

Sirs:

Being a charter subscriber and an ardent supporter of the Beaulieu Prudden plan of exercise for the newborn (May 2, et seq.), may I present Billy, age 6



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MASS. DOW JOYCE

Bay Village, Ohio

DINKIN RACE

Sirs:

A fair dinkers job of reporting! (*Ripposassian Take Over*, Oct. 31).

GEORGE LAWSON

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sirs:

Had my copy of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* not been delayed, I would have joined straight to Australia for this year's running of the Melbourne Cup. You got me all stirred up!

And may I ask who was it?

EVAN L. ELLIS

Sarasota, Fla.

● See page 31.—ED.

BY THE BOARD

Sirs:

Maybe there are reasons, other than the obvious commercial ones, why in the 4-4-10 club baseball leagues ("Expanded Baseball, Don't Dilute It," *KENTONIA*, Nov. 7) each team will play a schedule of 18 games against each of the other clubs, or 162 games in all. But it seems to me there is an awfully good argument not to do so.

If, instead, a team played each of the other 9 in the league 17 times, there would be a 153-game season—only one game less than has been played all these years. One game is not too significant from the standpoint of records and statistics. Almost any ballplayer is likely to miss one game a season for any of a variety of reasons.

But baseball relies for a very considerable portion of its appeal on records and statistics. If Fox or Greenberg had had the benefit of a 153-game season in their best years, Babe Ruth's home run record would have gone by the board a long time ago! And if the present plan goes through, someone like Mantle or Mays will be able to produce more than 60 home runs just by virtue of having something more than 30 more chances at bat.

PETER SCHWES

New York City

CATSBY AND THE DOGS

Sirs:

How did you get it? I have read and read again the excellent and remarkable article about Mark Catmby by Robert Cantow. (*A Dogged Chance to Live*, Oct. 31). I do not know how such an article fits into a sports magazine, but if you slipped by this insertion I trust that you slip similarly, again and soon!

Thank you for such informative and interesting reading.

HOWARD C. WESSLES

Huntington Woods, Mich.

Sirs:

Your article is tantalizingly vague as to how the secret diary of William Byrd came to be decoded, after having kept it (apparently) innocuous secrets for a couple of hundred years. What happened?

JAMES EDWARDS

New York City

● Byrd bused his cipher on the method of one William Mason, a famous stenographer of the time, whose dots, wiggles and curves looked like Arabic writing or a badly bent wire fence. One notebook, covering the years 1708-1752, wound up in the Huntington Library of California. This

contained some legal notes from Sir Edward Coke's Reports. By overlaying his shorthand symbols with the English phrases for which they stood, Mrs. Marion Tirling of the library staff found it was possible to build up a shorthand alphabet. At almost the same time two experts in cryptography discovered from another Byrd notebook the source of his shorthand system. Three of his deciphered notebooks have now been published as *The Secret Diary of William Byrd 1703-1710*, *Another Secret Diary 1710-1741* and *The London Diary 1717-1721*.—ED.

FOUR FOR NONE

Sir:

I have just read Charles Goren's column in *New Quiz*, Oct. 31. In regard to paragraph No. 10 (see head below), I would like to be advised of responses to the Gerber four-diamond bid. My impression is that it coincides with the Blackwood convention as far as ascertaining ace is concerned. Under these circumstances, how can a bid of four diamonds over a four-diamond bid indicate four aces?

Mrs. HAROLD FITTING
Alameda, Calif.

Sir:

In the answer Goren states: "An immediate response of four clubs to an opening bid of one, two, or three no trump must be construed as the Gerber convention asking for aces." What happens if partner has two or three aces? How does he show them?

M. E. WANGENBORN
Oakland, Calif.

As South you hold:



NORTH EAST SOUTH WEST
S.A.C. PAGE

Shuttle's last-appeal

According to Card Editor Goren, "a response of four diamonds to the four-club asking bid of the Gerber convention can mean either no ace or four aces. A bid of four hearts indicates one ace; four spades, two aces; four no trump, three aces. In this hand there would be no question that a response of four diamonds meant four aces since partner opened with two no trump, a strong bid."—ED.



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PAT ON THE BACK



ARTHUR WRIGHT

Mosquito commodore

Ask anyone along the Charleston, S.C. waterfront who is the top fisherman thereabouts and he'll likely tell you it's Arthur Wright, commodore of the "mosquito fleet," that picturesque band of fishermen immortalized in *Porgy and Bess*. At 60, he has been fishing out of Charleston for nearly half a century, and, as shown above, he still knows where to find the big ones—in this case, a 400-pound sand shark. "I don't make much money," says Wright, "but I have a good life."

Wright probably knows the tricky local currents better than any man alive, and his angling has even furthered the cause of marine biology. Several years ago he pulled out of the depths a squirming creature only 10 inches long which was identified by scientists as one of the largest specimens ever seen of the tiny, cannibalistic sargassum fish.

"I never know what I'll find," says Commodore Wright, "but I know there's nothing dull about fishing."



No Rules At All

**War seemed easy to these
Australian soldiers after they
played the colonel's new game**

by **LINDSAY HARDY**

IN AUSTRALIA two games of football are played, Rugby League and Australian Rules. Rugby League, a game resembling football in the United States, is played in Queensland and New South Wales. Australian Rules, a game resembling practically nothing on earth, fills the winter nights and Saturday afternoons in Victoria, South Australia and the west. Adherents of Australian Rules take as the first article of their faith that Rugby League is a mere vulgar squabble in the mud. Rugby League men have nothing but scorn for what they regard as an effete game of position, a game lacking the fire battle of the scrum and the fierce joy of the tackle, and between the regions there is a Mason-Dixon line of opinion. This state of affairs is a continuing fact of national life. The football season passes in a fury of splendid debate, the sportswriters officiate as high priests of the two opposing factions, and in peacetime everyone is happy. But in war the situation was taken abroad, where it was resolved, in the only recorded instance, on the

stony slopes of Mt. Tabor in Syria.

Early in World War II it was the custom to recruit the Australian infantry battalions state by state so that one unit would be composed entirely of South Australians, another of New South Welshmen and so on. But as replacements began to come forward the system was found to be unworkable, and by the spring of 1942 each battalion contained men from all over the country so that its state identity, and consequently the parity of its football faith, was lost.

After the siege of Tobruk the Ninth Australian Division, of which I was one sixteen-thousandth part, was taken out of the line and transported to Syria to embark on a program of rigorous training in preparation for the next round against Rommel. At about the same time, we acquired a new commander, a free-striding colonel with a fine presence on parade, who turned out, like myself, to be an Australian Rules man born and bred. The Rugby League men in the officers' mess looked glum at the news but took it stoically as a cross to be born, one of the normal hazards of war.

At his first parade the colonel made an announcement. He was going to make us the toughest battalion in Australia's Ninth, he said. We were going to route-march Syria, with full

continued



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NO RULES AT ALL restaurant

paces. We were going to wake to physical training and train at the double. When we went back into the line we were going to be iron men.

The troops listened and took the words in. Somehow they seemed to have heard it all before. But the new colonel meant what he said. We did force marches all over Syria. When we were in camp there was an hour's physical training at dawn and more after the break at midday, with five-mile runs and tactical exercises on the assault course in between. The troops were kept working seven days a week, until after a few months they were as rock-hard as the ground they slept on.

But they were all getting bored. Shadowy figures could be seen slipping away to the villages after dark in search of arrack and maidens. The troops were in such condition that they had more energy than they could use up, and inevitably the time came when the subject of football was brought up in the mess.

"Football," said the colonel, "upside idea. What this battalion needs is football." Thirty-three officers brightened at the word, until the colonel went on. "Commanders will raise Australian Rules teams by companies. They can play three afternoons a week."

Someone said, "Australian Rules?"

"Naturally," said the colonel, "as long as I'm in command of this battalion."

A Rugby League man sensed that the moment called for diplomacy, but he was not quite up to the occasion. "What happens," he said, "to the chaps who actually play football Rugby League?" A murmur of captains and majors told him he had moral support. The colonel beamed. "Rugby League?" he said. "This is officially a South Australian battalion. It will play the South Australian game, the only game, let me say, that is worthy of the name."

But there was no getting away from it, only half the unit would be playing Australian Rules, and the other half would have another excuse

to go over the hill after nightfall. The subject was discussed with warmth, and the mess arranged itself on the two sides of the question. But the colonel was adamant. He was not going to have an Australian Rules battalion playing Rugby. There was a deadlock in the officers' mess, and training went on as before.

Then, on the night of the next football mess, the colonel came to his feet. "Gentlemen," he said, "I be-



lieve I have solved the problem of sports in this battalion. We're going to play football. It's going to be unorthodox, perhaps, but we're going to play football nevertheless."

Five or six voices said together, "But what rules, sir?"

The colonel paused to give the moment proper dramatic effect. "No rules at all," he said.

The mess pondered the statement in silence. Then someone said, "You mean, one game or the other with the rules relaxed so that everyone can play?"

"I mean no rules whatever," said the colonel firmly, and cleared space on the table to describe the new game of football he had brought forth. A saltsticker and sugar bowl became the goal posts at one end, a spoon and fork at the other. A cup became the ball, set in the center of the field midway between the goal posts.

"Pay attention," said the colonel. "Now then. The beauty of my game is that any number of men can play. We'll call the two sides the Blacks and the Whites—half a platoon, say, on one side, half a platoon on the

other. It will work out splendidly."

"But no rules, sir," said a baffled subaltern. "How can you possibly play football without any rules?"

"I'll tell you," said the colonel. "This is the Black team's goal, this is the White's. The two teams line up at opposite ends of the field away from their respective goals. The ball is laid on the ground where you see this cap, midway between the two teams. The platoon commander will blow a whistle. The two opposing teams will then converge on the ball. The object of the game is to carry the ball, by whatever means, through the opposition to the goal at the other end of the field."

A wandering voice said weakly, "Without any rules?"

"No rules at all," said the colonel with pride in the beauty of his game's simplicity.

"They can do anything?"

"Literally anything. The troops will strip to the waist. There's a level patch of ground down past Headquarters Company's lines. It's a bit rocky perhaps—but so much the better. You must toughen your troops, gentlemen. Get 'em used to hard knocks."

The adjutant was instructed to make the colonel's game known in the next day's routine orders, and a platoon commander was told to find some posts and erect the goals for the first game of the Mt. Terbal football season. The following afternoon the game began.

It was a wild and improbable spectacle. The rank and file took to the new football like buffaloes to the waterhole. At the whistle blast they charged, shouting together, merging into a thrashing knot from which one would struggle with the ball tucked firmly under his arm. Down he would go, beneath a new mass of arms and legs, taking his blows and giving them. Back and forth awayed the sweating platoons; seldom did anyone score a goal. After 20 minutes, time was called. After the break the struggle was resumed. When one game was over and the teams staggered off the field, two more took their places. There were the inevitable casualties, but they were accepted as any game's normal wear and tear. No Rules Football was an instant success. For the first few weeks the colonel's enthusiasm was unbounded.

continued

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NO RULES AT ALL continued

One day he called a halt when almost every man of the two teams playing had included himself in a single fighting tangle. There was no sign of the ball. It was buried, with its possessor, deep inside the flailing mass. The colonel blew his whistle, the tangle broke up into its component individuals and the colonel called for the ball.

"Now," he said, holding the ball under his arm, "you men are never going to master this game till you work out how to play it properly."

One of the panting players said, "But, colonel, that's the game. You play it any way you like, there are no rules."

"Admittedly, there are no rules," said the colonel, "but even so, there is a right way and a wrong way to play any game. When one of you gets the ball, why don't the rest of you block for him? Why don't you hold off the opposition so he can make his run for goal?"

The players looked at each other and there were mutterings. Within the teams it was felt that the introduction of even so little rhyme or reason sullied the spirit of the game's pure anarchy. They were commanded to give the colonel's instructions a try, but within 30 seconds of the whistle, they were a heaving, trampling scrum. Again the colonel stopped the play, and in his zeal announced that he would demonstrate how it should be done. The colonel took the ball and stepped bravely onto the field.

It is doubtful if private soldiers have ever been presented with such an opportunity in the history of the AIF. The colonel lined himself up with one of the teams. The adjutant blew the whistle. The two teams charged, bellowing, down the field, with the colonel in the middle of the pack. And with the single-minded union of a flock of birds turning and wheeling in flight, they piled themselves in a 38-man pyramid, with the ball and the colonel on the ground at its base. Latecomers flung themselves happily on top of the heap. Muffled shouts came from within. The adjutant strode forward to the rescue, blowing his whistle. But it was No Rules Football and the game went legitimately on, until at last the colonel was permitted to emerge, red-faced and without the ball.

The incident went tactfully unmentioned in the officers' mess. Although the colonel thought noticeably less of the game thereafter, the enthusiasm of the troops mounted steadily, until they were playing it on their own time after the companies were dismissed for the day. As their ardor grew, so did the casualty rate. One day two collarbones were broken, in addition to the usual heat rashes and sprained ankles. Then someone



broke his leg, and soon after that the regimental medical officer had to deal with a rapid succession of broken ribs, wrists and arms. The game was spreading to other battalions, and there was talk of a series of divisional matches. But an officer at division must have compared the attrition the infantry was suffering from the game to the numbers of men wounded in action in a light battle, and decided it could not go on. Finally, one morning early in June of 1942, the order was pinned on orderly room boards that in future football would be played according to Rugby League or Australian Rules, and as far as I know the game came to an end then and there.

Shortly after, we returned to the desert to take up the duel with Rommel's 19th Light Division where it had been left off at Tebruk. We took some punishment, but we clawed them to pieces at Alamein. After playing No Rules Football on the limestone outcrops of Mt. Torbal we were indestructible.

END

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